Mr Magorium by Zach Helm (M)

FADE IN:

INT. BASEMENT -- MORNING

We open on BELLINI, a large, sweaty, soot-smudged curmudgeon who stands at a dishevelled work bench adorned with tiny artifacts, trinkets and broken doll parts.

Currently, as a printing press runs nearby, we see him writing in a large, leather bound book, near the end of its pages, using a magnifying glass to help him see his miniscule text.

Over his shoulder we can see the evidence of a large basement; not only boxes, but toys, doll houses, sculptures and antiquities illuminated by shafts of yellow light that break from the basement windows.

A cuckoo clock, sitting on the workbench nearby, SOUNDS.

He then reaches over and smacks the cuckoo clock on its roof, causing the cuckoo bird to SQUAWK and jump back into its house.

He GROANS, then CRACKS his knuckles loudly.

He crosses to several large crates full of pristine children's books and picks one crate up with a GRUNT, then another.

We can see behind him a set of rickety stairs leading up to a large door, light pouring from underneath it...

Bellini, now carrying two huge crates on either shoulder, climbs the stairs to the door, hits a gold button on the wall and waits as the door slides up, a brilliant light obscuring the room on the other side.

He steps through the light and into...

INT. MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM -- CONTINUOUS

...the most glorious, fantastic, odd and inviting toy store ever seen, which currently sleeps in the morning sun. Sunlight pours in through various windows, casting a warm orange glow on the sleeping store, save for the light which shines through an enormous stained glass window at the front with a gloriously large M in its middle, which sends multi-colored sunlight shooting against the walls and floor.

The store itself is sturdily built with wood floors and fixtures, striped walls with numerous shelves and no aisles to really speak of; rather, shelving units, bins, barrels, stacks, hanging baskets and tables filled with toys... all of which making the store look like the oversized attic of some mad Frenchman.

A balcony extends two thirds around the back of the store, winding stairs leading up to it in the back corner. This balcony, plushly carpeted, houses an awe-inspiring library of children's books and furniture inspiring its occupants to sit and read for hours on end.

Directly in the center of the main floor is a noticeably spare area, also carpeted, that is elevated a few feet above the floor. We can tell from the toys around it that this must be some sort of play area/puppet theater venue/exhibition area.

There are other areas as well; one dedicated to science (with a mini laboratory), pets and animals, (with a huge ant-metropolis) and even one for dolls, with a case that hosts traditionally dressed dolls from all around the world.

The store is crammed to the brim with Whodathoughts, Howsitgoes, and Whatchamacallits. This is not a store in which you might find Barbie or Videogames, but it is one in which you might find Radio Flyer wagons, puddle jumpers, Mancala sets, Jacob's Ladders and the coolest junior disguise/spy kit ever... Not to mention this Bolivian Rubber Jump Rope, German Pogo Sticks and this weird leather toad from New Zealand that when it gets wet, grows warts.

As Bellini carries his crates through the store and towards the balcony we see all this and more, finally coming to rest at a sign attached to a shelf that reads; "Welcome To Mr. Magorium's Wonder Emporium."

Built To Spill's "Fly Around My Pretty Little Miss" begins (track 1 on your cd)...

As the credits begin to roll, the music continues and the following scenes play...

INT. MAHONEY'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

MOLLY MAHONEY awakes in her baby blue bedroom, bright sunlight bouncing off the walls and whimsical art in the nature of Joseph Conrad.

With a shock of red hair standing straight up, Mahoney (early twenties) looks young, energetic and full of life, despite the post-it attached to her head. She pulls it off and reads it. It says, plainly, "Don't Snooze!"

She sighs and lifts herself from the bed...

INT. MAHONEY'S HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Mahoney walks down the hallway of her modest apartment, now dressed, passing a series of pictures of conductors all resting on the floor. The only thing on the wall is a post-it note that reads, "Hang Pictures!"

Her fingers dance to the music that plays through her I-pod.

INT. MAHONEY'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Mahoney takes a satchel from the back of a chair and slings it over her shoulder. Her apartment is colorful and youthful with an eclectic mix of furniture and post-its nearly everywhere: the most interesting piece of furniture being a large piano that rests near a window, music sheets scattered around it.

Outside the window we see a billboard advertising make-up, with a tag line of "What's Your Sparkle?"

Mahoney shakes her head, turns to the front door and is about to open it until she sees another post it that reads "Remember Keys!"

She sighs.

INT. COFFEE SHOP -- MOMENTS LATER

Mahoney stands, about to approach the napkin dispenser in an upscale coffee shop, but is blocked by an aggressive corporate type, around her age, dressed in a suit, who cuts in and grabs sugar packs for his drink.

As Mahoney waits, we notice that everyone in the coffee shop is dressed very well seems involved with very grown up accouterments, whereas Mahoney wears a pink dress shirt under a Bright Eyes t-shirt with a tie, jeans, and a bracelet made of Smarties on a string. Her fingers continue to dance as she waits...

But as the man leaves and she's about to grab a napkin, she is cut off by a hurrying woman in a black suit.

INT. 'EL' TRAIN -- MOMENTS LATER

Mahoney sits on a well-populated commuter train, headphones in, fingers dancing.

Again everyone else is dressed in proper work attire, carrying briefcases, reviewing the daily news and Mahoney looks shockingly out of place.

Until she sees a guy, just over forty, dressed in a large, stuffed taco outfit with a small hole cut out for his face.

He looks at her an smiles as if they have quite a bit in common.

EXT. CITY BLOCK -- MOMENTS LATER

We follow Mahoney as she walks past sleek office buildings and chain clothing stores, weaving through more executives and climbers.

But suddenly the atmosphere changes as she comes to stop outside Mr. Magoriums Wonder Emporium.

It's wood-shake exterior and multi-paned windows make it look like a shop more likely to be found in a Dylan Thomas story than a major metropolis.

And in front of it stands a nine year old boy, ignoring the foot traffic, looking up.

The titles and music ends.

EXT. MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM -- MORNING

Standing in the middle of a bustling sidewalk is ERIC APPLEBAUM, a guileless, kind-looking boy of nine dressed non-descript in a polo shirt and shorts, who suddenly jumps as high as he can while reaching upwards.

Mahoney takes out her headphones as the music fades away...

MAHONEY
Morning, Eric.

ERIC
Morning, Mahoney. My hat's stuck.

Mahoney looks up.

On top of the sign sits a ratty cowboy hat with a rattlesnake band. It lays there gently, definitely out of place.

MAHONEY
Looks like you're gonna need a ladder.

ERIC
Nah... I just need to jump higher.

Eric begins to stretch, as if in preparation for a Herculean feat.

MAHONEY
Eric. That's seven feet at least.

ERIC
Seven feet? Really?

MAHONEY
At least.

Eric thinks.

ERIC
You think I should get a running start?

Mahoney looks at Eric with a loving smile and rubs his hair. She pulls out her keys.

MAHONEY
Yeah.

INT. MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM -- CONTINUOUS

Mahoney enters into the store with the JINGLE of small bells and closes the door behind her, her fingers moving.

Mahoney walks past a shelf of kinetic toys, and *without touching them* sends them into motion.

She comes behind the front counter where she takes a deep breath, then flips a switch which starts a scale model ferris wheel on a pedestal near the counter.

Mahoney flips a few more switches on the metal box next to the register (turning on the lights) then reaches behind her just in time to catch a ring with two keys that falls out of one of the ferris wheel compartments. She places the key into the old fashioned cash register and gives it a turn.

With a DING the cash drawer opens and suddenly the rest of the store pops into activity;

Music boxes play, wind up toys begin to move and hovering kites begin to ruffle their fabrics in an imaginary wind.... all on their own.

MAHONEY
(to the store.)
Good morning!

She comes out from behind the counter and we can see out through the front window Eric, running from down the sidewalk, jump seven feet (at least)... and disappear well above the window.

INT. THE DOOR OF ROOMS -- MOMENTS LATER

Mahoney comes to the back of the store where three doors meet the store. The middle door is by far the most prominent; a massive oak door, Victorian in style, painted black. On the side of it, against the wall, is a large knob with the words "Balls, Trucks, Trains, Hoops, House" clearly printed in various sections.

Mahoney carelessly turns the knob to the section that says "Trains".

She opens the door to reveal a large room filled with an elaborate set-up of intertwined track, electric trains steaming along various environmental settings, and the overwhelming CLANGS, CLANKS and WHISTLES that accompany. What's more is that it appears as though as the trains are passing through every possible climate; some through snow, some through rain forest, some through desert in what could be an infinity of track.

She quickly shuts the door, realizing her mistake.

MAHONEY
(to herself)
Woops.

Mahoney, with a little more caution, turns the knob to "House".

She opens the door again, revealing a set of wooden stairs leading upwards.

INT. STAIRWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Mahoney makes her way up the stairs, leaving the warm glow of the store behind her.

Her ascension is guided by an antique chandelier with actual candles flickering in its grips. Although it lights the stairway well, it's grandiose style overpowers the modest steps.

Mahoney reaches the apex, a small landing with yet another door, this one with a knocker on its front.

Mahoney knocks, and waits patiently on the landing.

Suddenly the door is yanked open by EDWARD MAGORIUM, a white-haired, gangly, wide-eyed spirit in his mid-two hundred and forties. He stands in the doorway of his home in a pair of tweed slacks, yellow tuxedo shirt, blue blazer and a pair of tennis shoes.

MR. MAGORIUM
Mahoney!

MAHONEY
Morning, Sir.

MR. MAGORIUM
Already!? Drat!... come in... come in.

INT. MR. MAGORIUM'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Mr. Magorium opens his door wider to reveal his luxurious home filled with both antique mahogany furniture and odd pieces of plastic sculpture in bright colors. Books and papers lay stacked on the hard-wood floor.

The walls are adorned with framed finger-paintings, used pages of coloring books, Magrittes, DeKoonings, a Mondrian and a carrot.

MAHONEY
How'd you sleep?

MR. MAGORIUM
Upside down! Made my feet tingly.

As soon as she enters, Mr. Magorium looks to the front room.

Where an adult zebra stands on the couch looking out the big bay window that faces the street.

MR. MAGORIUM (CONT'D)
Mortimer! Get off the couch!

The zebra looks at Mr. Magorium, then back out the window.

MR. MAGORIUM
Drat.
(suddenly)
Do you like turnips?

MAHONEY
No. Sir... I wanted to talk to you--

MR. MAGORIUM
So you probably wouldn't like turnip pudding...

MAHONEY
No.

MR. MAGORIUM
That's a shame. Because I made some.

Magorium walks over to an end table. He picks a set of neatly folded pajamas, a robe and slippers, which Mahoney notices.

MAHONEY
Sir. I wanted to talk again, about what we spoke about last week.

MR. MAGORIUM
About how paper really shouldn't beat rock?

MAHONEY
No, Sir. About me.

MR. MAGORIUM
That's what I was saying! I made turnip soup!

MAHONEY
What?

MR. MAGORIUM (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I spent all morning thinking, making turnip soup and playing cat's cradle... and it occurred that I've owned the Emporium for over 73 years...

MAHONEY
Wow.

MR. MAGORIUM
That's a very long time. It's almost 74 years. And not once have I filed a receipt, opened a bank account or paid any taxes... So I have absolutely no idea what the store is worth.

MAHONEY
(looking at clothes curiously)
That's probably not very good...

MR. MAGORIUM
Exactly!

He suddenly jerks a ball out of his pocket and whips it across the room.

MR. MAGORIUM (CONT'D)
Mortimer! Fetch!

The zebra ignores him, standing on the couch shiftlessly.

MR. MAGORIUM (CONT'D)
(to Mahoney)
Stupid zebra. I'm hiring an accountant.

Mr. Magorium quickly retreats with the pajamas behind a Japanese screen in his living room, which masks a large copper contraption with all sorts of gears, hooks and claws.

MAHONEY
A what?

MR. MAGORIUM
(his head above the screen)
An accountant, although I can't say what one does... according to the name they must be a cross between a counter and a mutant, and that may be exactly what we need.

MAHONEY
That's, that's great, but can we--

The contraption begins to move... clothes go flying everywhere.

MR. MAGORIUM
I've placed a call into some sort of agency, and they said they'd send one of their best mutants over some time today.

MAHONEY
That's... Okay... But what does that have to do with our conversation?

MR. MAGORIUM
Everything!

He hops back out from the screen with his pajamas on and a glint in his eye.

MR. MAGORIUM
Come with me!

INT. MR. MAGORIUM'S KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

Mr. Magorium bounds into the kitchen with Mahoney following closely behind and later Mortimer trailing in. His kitchen is a bizarre room with peach colored walls and only one cupboard which rests at an awkward angle above the sink. Instead plates, silverware, glasses, saucers, cups, pots and pans all hang from hooks on the walls.

Mr. Magorium heads directly to the cupboard, taps on it three times and opens it. Mahoney watches (having seen this before but always a little amazed) as he reaches his entire arm into the cupboard's dark interior. He extracts a plain block of wood, maybe seven inches by seven inches by seven inches, and presents it to her.

MR. MAGORIUM
This, my lovely... is for you.

MAHONEY
Uh. Thank you. What is it?

MR. MAGORIUM
(beaming)
It's the Congreve Cube!

She gives him a big, bittersweet smile. He heads towards the front of the house.

MAHONEY
It looks like a big block of wood.

MR. MAGORIUM
It is a big block of wood. But now it's *your* big block of wood.

MAHONEY
Oh. Well... thank you... I guess. But... uh... how are an accountant and this block of wood supposed to help us?

MR. MAGORIUM
(earnestly)
Unlikely adventures require unlikely tools.

MAHONEY
Are we going on an adventure?

MR. MAGORIUM
All I will say is with faith, love, this block and a counting mutant, you may find yourself somewhere you never imagined.

She looks at him, and decides to stop questioning.

MR. MAGORIUM
And with that, to the store!
(calling)
Mortimer! Stay out of the refrigerator.

MAHONEY
Wait. Sir.

MR. MAGORIUM
Yes, my love?

MAHONEY
You're wearing your pajamas...

Mr. Magorium looks down quickly.

MR. MAGORIUM
(annoyed)
Flapdoodle.

INT. MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM -- MOMENTS LATER

Eric, wearing his cowboy hat, has come inside and arranges tops.

Mahoney and Mr. Magorium come back into the store through the door of rooms, Mr. Magorium wearing the proper attire.

MR. MAGORIUM
Salutations, Eric! Super hat!

ERIC
Thanks.

MAHONEY
Did you find a ladder?

ERIC
(innocently)
No, I just jumped up and got it.

MAHONEY
That's gotta be the highest a nine year old's ever jumped.

ERIC
Running start. You were right.

MR. MAGORIUM
Fantastic! Eric has his hat, I have an appointment with a counting mutant, and Mahoney-- Mahoney, what do you have?

MAHONEY
I have a big block of wood.

MR. MAGORIUM
Perfect! Let's open the store!

INT. MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM -- DAY

The scene opens on the toy store mid-day. We pan through a menagerie of adults and children alike exploring through the store. There is an energy, a vibrancy that pulsates through the shop, harmonized by smiling faces, wide eyes and the sound of LAUGHTER and HEIGHTENED VOICES.

We pass the Yellow Wall (a wall in which every toy, despite its other specifications, is yellow). We pass a short, squat case stuffed with toys that spill out of its borders adjacent to a tall, spacious case holding tiny toys with plenty of space between them on the shelf.

And we pass a marionette of Marcel Marceu that someone has carelessly left crumpled amidst its wires and now, of its own accord, must try to untangle itself...

INT. MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM (INFANT SECTION) -- CONTINUOUS

Mr. Magorium stands amidst a section developmental toys, gifts and exercises for new-borns and infants. He reaches into a shelf to grab something... only, his hand appears on the other side of the shelf a good six feet away. Children duck to avoid his searching palm.

He retracts his arm as he is approached by a STUFFY CUSTOMER.

STUFFY CUSTOMER
Uh... excuse me...

Mr. Magorium looks up.

STUFFY CUSTOMER (CONT'D)
Yes. How much are you asking for that fish mobile up there?

MR. MAGORIUM
That one? That's fifty dollars.

CUSTOMER
Fifty? That's... fifty? Don't you think that's a little high for just a mobile.

MR. MAGORIUM
Well... if you'll notice, it is fresh fish.

We look and, in fact, a small school of fresh tropical fish swimming through the air attached to a mobile. Air bubbles leave one of the fish's gills.

MR. MAGORIUM (CONT'D)
(pointing up)
But... if you don't want to spend that much we do have that fish mobile for only seventeen dollars...

We see another mobile of frozen fish sticks.

INT. MR. MAGORIUIM'S WONDER EMPORIUM (FRONT COUNTER) -- MOMENTS LATER

Mahoney stands at the front counter, studying (her hand still moving rhythmically). A kind looking GRANDMOTHER approaches...

GRANDMOTHER
Pardon me, miss... could you help me, please

MAHONEY
I can certainly *try*...

GRANDMOTHER
(hushed. pointing towards the play area)
My grandson wants a fire engine for his birthday... it's *all* he wants... a shiny red fire engine with the ladder that goes up and the hose that squirts water... but I can't find one.

MAHONEY
Ah-ha! A job for The Big Book.

Mahoney turns and pulls down The Big Book off the back shelf. The Big Book is roughly 2 feet by 3 feet, with worn leather binding at least as old as Mr. Magorium and cobwebs dangling from it's pages. As Mahoney plops it down on the counter, the grandmother steps back to avoid the rising dust.

MAHONEY (CONT'D)
This has all the toys we have in stock. Let's see... E for engine... or F for fire... probably F.

Mahoney takes the book by a page tab marked F and flips open the book. However, instead of an annotated list of all the toys in stock, the book opens up to reveal the exact fire engine itself. The fire engine sits there shiny and new, its red exterior glinting in the sunlight.

MAHONEY (CONT'D)
Is that it?

GRANDMOTHER
(awe struck)
Uh, uh... well... I... well... *yes*... How did you do that?

MAHONEY
(sincerely)
I didn't do it. It's the book. It's magic.

GRANDMOTHER
Uh... Does the, does the hose squirt and everything...?

MAHONEY
Well, there should be a button...

Mahoney inspects the fire engine for a moment, then presses a button on its side.

The hose squirts the grandmother right in the face.

MAHONEY (CONT'D)
Woops.

GRANDMOTHER
(wiping her eye)
Was that the book?

MAHONEY
(restraining her laughter)
No. Sorry. That was me.

We see a child with a Chinese New Year Dragon affixed to their head dancing around, the silk tail, full of reds, golds and greens flowing effortlessly behind them.

We follow them as they pass the front door and around a corner, underneath the elevated legs of Eric who walks on stilts...

But as we return, without notice, we are stopped by a stoic figure in a grey suit in the front of store. This is HENRY WESTON, a young, executive-looking man out of place with his suit, combed hair and briefcase.

INT. MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM (FRONT COUNTER) - CONTINUOUS

Henry approaches Mahoney at the front counter.

HENRY
Uh, hello, miss...?

Mahoney turns to see Henry. She pauses a moment.

He looks at her and pauses momentarily as well.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Uh, Hi, Uh... I believe Mr. Magorium sent for me.

MAHONEY
Yeah. Wow. You're really well-dressed for a shadow puppeteer.

HENRY
(he barely chuckles)
Uh, ha, uh, no. I'm Henry Weston. I'm the accountant. I'm here for an interview.

MAHONEY
Hi. I'm Mahoney. I'm the store manager.

HENRY
Hi. Pleasure to meet you. I... I have to admit... when, when the agency sent me I, I, I didn't realize this was a toy store.

MAHONEY
Shhh...
(sotto; slyly)
If these kids found out this was a toy store we'd have a madhouse on our hands.

She laughs. Henry doesn't.

MAHONEY
That... that was, that was a...

HENRY
(indifferently)
I know.

MAHONEY (CONT'D)
Okay... well. You probably want to speak to Mr. Magorium... Give me a second.

INT. MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM (PLAY AREA) -- CONTINUOUS

Currently, Mr. Magorium juggles three brightly colored balls for a group of onlookers.

Mahoney, unfortunately, must interrupt.

MAHONEY
Sir? The mutant's here.

Mr. Magorium looks up in sudden girlish anticipation. His hands drop as the balls fly into the air, out of sight... inexpicably, however, they never come down.

MR. MAGORIUM
Where? How do I look? Do I look alright-- I knew I should have worn the other blazer... is he cute? Is he *tall*? Wait; Do I look alright?

MAHONEY
Sir. You're fine. Calm down.

MR. MAGORIUM
I've never met *an accountant* before!

MAHONEY
Sir, they're just like us.

MR. MAGORIUM
Just like us, or just like *you*, because frankly, Mahoney, I find you a little weird. Where is he?

The two walk off and the onlookers peel out of their positions, staring upwards in confusion.

INT. FRONT COUNTER -- CONTINUOUS

Henry stands uncomfortably at the front counter with his briefcase in hand. A little BOY WITH TEDDY BEAR has edged his way towards Henry and now stands next to him.

Henry stares at him..

The boy smiles up at him.

Henry sort of smiles back.

The boy continues to smile up at him. Then waves.

Henry just continues to stare at him.

HENRY
(surreptitiously)
You can... You can go now.

The boy frowns at him.

HENRY (CONT'D)
It's okay. Scoot along.

The frown turns into a scowl.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Go. Away.

Suddenly the boy stomps on Henry's foot then runs off. Henry winces, but can't react fully as Mr. Magorium and Mahoney approach, Mr. Magorium's hand extended.

MR. MAGORIUM
Greetings! Edward Magorium; toy impresario, wonder aficionado, avid shoe-wearer. You're here for the accounting position.

HENRY
Yes, yes... Henry Weston.

The two shake hands firmly.

MR. MAGORIUM
Name the Fibonacci series from its 10th to its 15th integer.

HENRY
Uh; 89, 144, 233, 377, 610.

MR. MAGORIUM
Perfect. The number 4; do we really need it?

HENRY
If you like squares you do.

MR. MAGORIUM
Oh. I like squares. Good. Now: The hot dog to hot dog bun ratio. Why, *for the love of mustard,* is it uneven?

HENRY
(pause. honestly)
I think... maybe... maybe if you drop two hot dogs...

Mr. Magorium looks at Mahoney, slyly, then turns back to Henry.

MR. MAGORIUM
What kind of insufferable fool drops a hot dog?

HENRY
(confused)
It's an imperfect world, Mr. Magorium.

There is a sudden pause as Mr. Magorium is struck dumb by Henry's answer.

MR. MAGORIUM
"It's an imperfect world." How true.
(pause)
You're exactly the mutant I'm looking for. I'm so glad I didn't ask you what was in my pocket.
(pause)
You're hired.

MAHONEY
What!?

HENRY
What!?

MR. MAGORIUM
(really loudly)
YOU'RE HIRED!

HENRY
That's *it*?

MR. MAGORIUM
That's all I need.

MAHONEY
Sir...

MR. MAGORIUM
Don't you agree, Mahoney?

MAHONEY
Not... not exactly--

MR. MAGORIUM
Perfect.
(to Henry)
Come along-- I've heard great things about you.

HENRY
Really?

MR. MAGORIUM
No. Not yet. But I'm sure I will.
(seeing briefcase)
Oh, good, you brought your own abacus. Top-notch. I'll show you the office...

Henry, baffled, hesitates momentarily and looks at Mahoney who stares at him with a dubious eye.

But Henry must follow Mr. Magorium or be left behind.

INT. MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM -- CONTINUOUS

Mr. Magorium prances through the store, gesturing proudly at it's variety and sumptuousness. We may notice, although Henry does not, a series of odd and magical things happening just where Henry can't see... from Duck Duck Goose being played with an actual goose, to Eric sliding down the railing of the stairs on his feet.

MR. MAGORIUM
We sell almost every kind of whatnot imaginable, Henry... from ant farms to zeppelins. I've owned this store for 73 years, since I came to this country, although I've been inventing toys since the mid 1770's.

HENRY
Excuse me... did you say the 1770's?

MR. MAGORIUM
Yes, sir. So, as you can imagine, budgeting and finance are brand new concepts to me...

HENRY
Excuse-- I'm sorry, I'm sorry. That would mean you're at least *two hundred and twenty years old.*

Mr. Magorium stops.

MR. MAGORIUM
You're already hired, Mutant, there's no need to show off.

Mr. Magorium continues. Henry follows, looking suspiciously at the store. He's looking at the store with such scrutiny, he fails to see a small sock monkey amongst a whole wall of stuffed animals that turns to not only look at him but reach its arms out after him longingly.

INT. OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Mr. Magorium opens one of the doors to the office. Only he and Henry's respective shadows can be seen before he flips on the light.

MR. MAGORIUM
Here we are...

Henry looks around.

Stacks of loose-leaf pages clutter the room, all held down by small paperweights. The walls that are visible are painted a deep forest green with an oak trim that matches the beautiful roll-top desk that faces out the window.

Henry enters, a little overwhelmed.

MR. MAGORIUM (CONT'D)
(positively)
I haven't thrown anything away...!

HENRY
Yes, yes I see that.

Henry lifts one page up off a stack.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Are these all... receipts?

MR. MAGORIUM
Mostly. I believe some are I.O.U.'s and invoices and such. Some might be doodles I never framed, I can't tell.

Henry looks around, a bit perturbed.

HENRY
Okay. So... you've obviously never kept an account of your income.

MR. MAGORIUM
No.

HENRY
Filed an income tax return?

MR. MAGORIUM
No.

HENRY
Renewed your business license?

MR. MAGORIUM
(confused)
Renewed my...

HENRY
Forget it. It's... Mr.--
(clears throat)
Mr. Magorium. You realize, this, to determine the worth of the store out of this... mess... is a *monumental task*. If you've somehow managed to keep from going bankrupt, being evicted or sent to jail for tax evasion for this long, why would you want to do this *now*?

MR. MAGORIUM
Ah yes. Can you keep a secret?

HENRY
The firm holds a very strict client/advisor exclusivity policy, don't worry.

MR. MAGORIUM
(earnestly)
But can you Keep A Secret?

HENRY
(pause)
Yes.

MR. MAGORIUM
(pause)
I'm leaving.

HENRY
The store?

MR. MAGORIUM
The world.
(pause)
You see, you are not here to determine the worth of my store, Mr. Weston, but the worth of my benefaction.

He and Henry share a solemn moment.

MR. MAGORIUM (CONT'D)
Now, if you'll excuse me, I have a pressing marbles match at noon and must warm my thumbs.

Mr. Magorium dashes out. Henry is left standing amidst, what seems to be, a daunting task. He sighs.

INT. MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM (FRONT COUNTER) -- CONTINUOUS

Mahoney rings up a CUSTOMER at the front counter, her fingers dancing as she hums.

CUSTOMER
Molly...? Molly Mahoney?

She looks up at the customer who beams a smile.

MAHONEY
Yeah...

CUSTOMER
I'm... I'm Dave Wolf. From Lane Tech High. I was your lab partner in physics.

MAHONEY
Oh yeah... Hey. Hi.

She continues to ring him up.

CUSTOMER
I wouldn't have recognized you except for the... the finger thing... I didn't know you worked here still.

MAHONEY
Yeah... still...

CUSTOMER
I thought you went to college?

MAHONEY
I did.

CUSTOMER
Oh.

The conversation comes to an abrupt and awkward halt.

MAHONEY
So, what are you up to these days?

CUSTOMER
Oh. I'm an orthodontist. Just received my degree.

MAHONEY
That's... that's great.

CUSTOMER
I'm married. Have a kid. Dylan.

MAHONEY
Wow.

CUSTOMER
You know, just, living my life.

MAHONEY
Right...

CUSTOMER
Geez... this is so crazy. I always wondered what happened to you.

She pauses and looks at him, a little perturbed.

MAHONEY
Well... not much.

CUSTOMER
Yeah. Well uh... good to see you.

MAHONEY
You too. Take care.

CUSTOMER
Maybe I'll see you here again.

MAHONEY
Probably.

She hands him his bag, but stops.

MAHONEY
I'm sorry. Hold on.

She sets the bag down and holds her palm face up above it.

MAHONEY
(to bag)
Come on. Get out of there.

Suddenly a super ball comes hopping out of the bag and into Mahoney's hand.

MAHONEY
You too.

Another comes hopping out. She looks at him. He looks at her, shocked.

MAHONEY
Super balls. Always trying to escape.

He takes his bag with a curious look.

Mahoney drops her head when he's gone, embarrassed.

As she looks up, she sees a collection of young kids, staring at her in awe.

She smiles at them.

MAHONEY
Can I help you?

KID #1
Are you magic?

MAHONEY
(disappointed)
I wish.

INT. MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM -- CONTINUOUS

We catch Mr. Magorium as he comes from the office, stretching out his thumbs. He stops.

He turns slowly, towards the corner of the store...

What we find here is particularly odd; seeping from the corner of the store (near the aeronautical toys) out iuto the walls is a pallid grey color; both unexpected and ominous.

It extends its ashen hue at least another inch.

Mr. Magorium looks at it.

MR. MAGORIUM
(sighs)
Oh no... This isn't good. This isn't good at all...

FADE OUT:

INT. BASEMENT -- MORNING

Bellini carries a crate of various books which he stacks on top of a similar crate.

He wipes his sweaty brow, then saunters to his work bench where he checks his cuckoo clock. He has time. He pulls down the large, leather book from the earlier scene off a shelf. We can see that on its binding is are printed the words, "Mr. Magorium"

He opens it; we may notice that the binding is loose and that there are only a handful of pages left to be filled in.

He turns to a page, only half written... takes a deep breath... and begins to write...

INT. MAHONEY'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Mahoney walks up to her piano, once again dressed for work, satchel over her shoulder. She plays a few notes and we can hear that she is surprisingly good.

She looks at some half-written sheet music. She plays some more.

She stops. We notice the Congreve Cube sitting on her coffee table, inert.

She looks at it and sighs.

INT. MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM -- DAY

We again find ourselves in the midst of an active day at Mr. Magorium's Wonder Emporium. Of particular note we see Mr. Magorium teaching a group of little kids to hula-hoop, at which he is very adroit.

But when one of the children has difficulty, Mr. Magorium goes to help him, stepping out of his hula-hoop which continues to spin around empty space.

INT. MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM (PLAY AREA) -- CONTINUOUS

A group of children are constructing small houses with Lincoln Logs.

Eric, in a British Bobby's hat, enters into the play area.

ERIC
Hi... anybody mind if I play?

No one says anything. They simply continue to stare at him.

Eric shyly finds a space where he can build and takes a handful of logs out of a nearby bin, which he puts on the floor in front of him.

Henry, passing by, can't help but notice the almost reverential awe with which the other children watch Eric.

Eric begins modestly by snapping two logs together...

INT. 'EL' TRAIN -- MORNING

Again we find ourselves on the train, Mahoney listening to her headphones, her fingers dancing.

She looks at all of the commuters. Her fingers begin to dance a little less.

INT. MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM (PLAY AREA) -- CONTINUOUS

Eric snaps another set of Lincoln Logs together. All of the other children have backed away from him in order to give him room. They simply watch in awe.

INT. MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM (BOOK BALCONY) -- MOMENTS LATER

Mr. Magorium looks ridiculous as he lounges in a chair built for a child, perusing through James and The Giant Peach, but is soon interrupted as Henry comes stomping upstairs.

HENRY
Mr. Magorium?

MR. MAGORIUM
Mutant! Don't you look dreary.

HENRY
We have a few *serious* problems.

MR. MAGORIUM
I don't have any serious problems.

HENRY
You do, actually.

MR. MAGORIUM
I don't think so. Perhaps someone's problems escaped them. Happens all the time here.

HENRY
Mr. Magorium, according to your employment records, you've had several fictional characters on the books.

MR. MAGORIUM
Like whom?

HENRY
The King of the Planet Yaweh.

MR. MAGORIUM
He's not fictional.

HENRY
Sir--

MR. MAGORIUM
He's not really the king, and the Planet Yaweh doesn't exist, but he's not fictional.

HENRY
That's what I'm saying--

MR. MAGORIUM
Mr. Weston, you can't blame people for having *aspirations*.

HENRY
(exasperated)
What about Bellini?

MR. MAGORIUM
Bellini's the book builder, born in the basement.

HENRY
You have *a tenant* in your basement?

MR. MAGORIUM
He was born there. I certainly can't ask him to leave.

HENRY
What about this invoice sent from a company in Brazil that says you owe them 300,000 Lire for a "magic doorknob"?

MR. MAGORIUM
That's ridiculous.

HENRY
Thank you.

MR. MAGORIUM
300,000 Lire for a doorknob?

Henry's entire frame just slumps.

EXT. MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM -- CONTINUOUS

Mahoney stands outside the store, hesitant to walk inside. She simply looks in at the parents and children who play, frolic and explore inside, particularly a young girl who pretends to be getting attacked by a stuffed lion.

Here Mahoney stands, inert, save for her fingers which move ever so slightly.

INT. MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM -- CONTINUOUS

From inside we see Mahoney on the other side of the glass, all the color and wonder of the store in front of her, the grey of the outside world behind her.

Mahoney simply stands on the precipice between the two.

INT. MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM (PLAY AREA) -- CONTINUOUS

Hushes and whispers overtake the crowd as adults hoist littler children in their arms so they can see.

Eric places the last Lincoln Log on his construction...

Eric steps off the chair and back a bit to look at his masterpiece; an actual, life-sized replica of Abraham Lincoln himself.

The crowd still stands in astonishment.

Eric turns and sees the crowd, not realizing they were there.

ERIC
Oh. Sorry.
(looking at Lincoln)
I sorta took over. Sorry.

Eric meekly exits out of the play area, passing Henry who is storming towards the front. Henry stops, a bit shocked to see the Abraham Lincoln.

HENRY
Who did that?

ERIC
I did that.

HENRY
No. Seriously.

Eric just looks at him.

ERIC
You must be the mutant.

Henry sighs, shakes his head, then continues on his path out the store.

EXT. MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM -- AFTERNOON

Mahoney is just about to enter into the store when Henry bursts out.

He grips a slip of paper in his fist and waves it about in a hysterical fashion as he accosts Mahoney immediately upon seeing her.

HENRY
A-ha! You!

MAHONEY
Me?

HENRY
You! The normal one! He's delusional, isn't he!? He's... he's... I mean he's totally-- "boing boing boing"!!

MAHONEY
What are you talking about?

HENRY
Mr. Magorium. This-- this-- this *history* he's fabricated for himself...

Henry holds up the paper like evidence to his testimony.

HENRY (CONT'D)
This is a signed I.O.U. from Thomas Edison.

MAHONEY
(intrigued)
Really?

HENRY
(reading)
"P.S. Thanks for the idea", with a picture of a light bulb next to it.

Mahoney laughs.

MAHONEY
Is that for real?

HENRY
NO!! It's not! It's not real! It's a signed I.O.U. from Thomas Edison. Does that *seem* like something that would exist in the *real world* to you?

MAHONEY
Well, it does have his signature on it.

Henry collapses into the bench outside the store. Over Henry's shoulder through the window, we now see the young girl, who pretended to be the victim of a lion attack, now nestling with the same lion who licks her lovingly. Only, now she's not pretending.

HENRY
Please... please... I'm just asking for a little help...

MAHONEY
Did no one explain to you it's a magical toy store?

HENRY
No. No one explained to me it's a magical toy store.

MAHONEY
Oh. Well. It's a magical toy store.

HENRY
(facetiously)
Of course it is.

We now see the young girl and the lion dancing.

MAHONEY
They should have told you that at the agency.

HENRY
And you expect me to believe this?

MAHONEY
You don't have to. It's sitting right behind you.

Henry turns to make his point, but the young girl and the lion have danced past his periphery.

HENRY
A magical toy store, really?... is this a joke?

MAHONEY
Not at all.

He turns back and the girl and the lion return.

HENRY
Come on. Either you're pulling my leg, or you're twelve.

MAHONEY
I'm neither, Mr. Weston, and I don't particularly appreciate your tone.

HENRY
Well, I've just been informed I'm the employee of a magical toy store. Excuse me if my tone is a bit snippy.

MAHONEY
Turn around. And look.

He does. Just the lion and the girl have disappeared behind a stack of toys. Henry just sees the store, in its normal activity.

HENRY
(turning back)
At what?

MAHONEY
The... there was... a... there was a little girl, dancing with a stuffed lion.

HENRY
Oh forget it.

He hands her the papers.

HENRY (CONT'D)
I commend you on your ability to avoid adulthood for this long. I, on the other hand, feel the pressing need to return to it.
(pause)
I quit.

Mahoney stands there, swallowing her pain, as Henry walks off down the sidewalk.

INT. MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM (GREYING CORNER)-- CONTINUOUS

And again the section of the store we saw turning grey before, extends its ashen hue two full inches.

INT. MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM -- CONTINUOUS

All the current customers in the store are consumed with doing the Cha-cha with the young girl, the lion, Eric and Mr. Magorium.

We follow the Cha-cha line as it weaves around to the greying corner, where Mr. Magorium notices that the grey has spread. He steps out of the line and walks to the corner of the store.

MR. MAGORIUM
Oh dear... This must stop. This must stop at once, my love. I was mid-cha.

He looks carefully at the grey, tiny streaks of it reaching into the rest of the store.

Mr. Magorium sighs.

MAHONEY (O.S.)
Mr. Magorium?

He turns to see Mahoney.

MR. MAGORIUM
Yes dear?

MAHONEY
Is something wrong?

MR. MAGORIUM
No. No. Just...

He leads her away from the greying corner, around a little nook where the science and space toys are located.

MR. MAGORIUM
Everything seems to be running swimmingly... Don't you think?

MAHONEY
I don't know... I keep thinking something must change...

MR. MAGORIUM
Should we move the ant farm?

MAHONEY
No. I mean with me...

MR. MAGORIUM
(a little disheartened)
I see. Well dear... that's why we got the mutant.

MAHONEY
The mutant just quit.

MR. MAGORIUM
Sonofagoat.

Mr. Magorium hangs his head.

INT. MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM (GREYING CORNER)-- NIGHT

The store has wound down for the day an the sun has set. Mr. Magorium has pulls a chair into the greying corner.

MR. MAGORIUM
(speaking to the store)
I have to say... that I am very disappointed in you;

He sits down. He has several sheets of paper in his lap and as he speaks folds them.

MR. MAGORIUM
I understand feeling sad, or scared, or even suspicious, but that is no reason to turn grey and start pouting. I would expect such behavior from perhaps a brand new store, even a store a few years old, but a store your age, sulking. It's simply atrocious.

He takes the paper, now folded into an airplane, and with a gentle flick of his wrist, sends it flying:

We follow the paper airplane as it dips, turns and then ascends into the air, above the shelves and towards the ceiling-- an uncommon trajectory for a paper airplane. It continues to weave, bob, and glide through the store, past shelves of toys, over mountains of Legos, etc.

MR. MAGORIUM
(pause)
The immitigable truth is that I am leaving tomorrow and Mahoney, bless her timid heart, will be given care of you. I'm sorry, my sweet, but it is a perfect fact and no amount of misbehavior will change it.
(pause)
She loves you. As do I. And we must face tomorrow, whatever it may hold, with determination, joy and bravery.

The paper airplane makes a sweeping turn and begins its descent, approaching an aisle like an air strip. It rights itself and lifts its nose to come almost parallel to the ground.

It slides across the floor coming to a precise stop at Mr. Magorium's feet. It rests for a moment, and then Mr. Magorium reaches into frame and picks it up.

MR. MAGORIUM (CONT'D)
I expect you to pull yourself together and put your best face on by the time of my departure.

But the grey does not change.

FADE OUT:

INT. BASEMENT -- MORNING

A shaft of light wakes Bellini from his slumber. He sits up, stretches, and scratches his back. He looks across his area of the basement, where his printing press awaits him... along with Mr. Magorium's book, which rests open.

INT. MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM (FRONT COUNTER) - MORNING

We again find Mahoney at the front counter, the morning slow, reviewing a book as her fingers dance...

The bell above the front door RINGS and Mahoney looks up to see Henry, abashed, enter the store.

She eyes him as he walks gingerly past... towards the back.

INT. MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM -- DAY

Mr. Magorium, who stands on a chair on a beach ball on a step ladder on a pogo stick finishes putting a Radio Flyer wagon on a very high shelf.

As he comes down, he notices he Henry approaching.

MR. MAGORIUM
Hello, Mutant.

HENRY
Hi.

MR. MAGORIUM
I heard a nasty rumor you didn't want to work with us any longer.

HENRY
Uh... well, I was considering my actions yesterday... And I thought that perhaps I wasn't being quite exactly fair.

MR. MAGORIUM
I see...

HENRY
And uh, also, my boss told me that you helped find some sort of super special antique doll for his daughter's tenth birthday and that you were a great man and that if I *didn't* come back he'd fire me without severance. Uh... so here I am.

MR. MAGORIUM
Well, I'm glad you had a change of heart and/or were threatened with unemployment. But I knew you'd come back...

HENRY
You did?

MR. MAGORIUM
Of course. Your destiny lies here.
(pause)
Also, you forgot your briefcase.

HENRY
Then... then I'll... I'll go ahead and continue my work, if it's... If it's okay with you.

MR. MAGORIUM
Exemplary.

Henry sheepishly continues, passing the shelf of plush dolls, oblivious to the arms of the sock monkey reaching out towards him again. As soon as he's out of reach the monkey's arms slump back into lifelessness.

INT. MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM (FRONT COUNTER) -- CONTINUOUS

Eric, in a fez cap, passes by, balancing several oddly shaped boxes stacked to a ridiculous height in one hand. He sets them down next to the garage door near the front counter.

MAHONEY (CONT'D)
Eric, can you see if there's a Dunlop catalog in the office: we're running real low on yo-yo's.

ERIC
Uh-oh.

MAHONEY
I know.

ERIC
I'll go.

She gives him a grin. He immediately picks up a medium-sized playground ball which he begins to bounce. He takes off continuing to bounce his ball past Magorium who approaches Mahoney.

MR. MAGORIUM
Eric.

ERIC
Yes, Sir.

MR. MAGORIUM
Rubric hat.

ERIC
Thank you sir.

Magorium bounds up to her and wraps his arms around her in a large, loving hug.

MR. MAGORIUM
Mahoney! I have a riddle!

MAHONEY
Not today, sir.

MR. MAGORIUM
But it's easy!

MAHONEY
Okay. Fine.

MR. MAGORIUM
What's short, amazing and says Ouch!

MAHONEY
Short, amazing, says ouch... Sir, I have no ide--

He pinches her.

MAHONEY
Ouch.
(realizing)
Very funny, Sir. But I don't feel that amazing.

INT. MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM (GREYING CORNER)--CONTINUOUS

And the grey spreads yet another inch.

INT. MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM (FRONT COUNTER)--CONTINUOUS

SMALL BOY (O.S.)
Excuse me...

They are interrupted by a SMALL BOY whose eyes just barely peek over the counter.

MAHONEY
Yes, dear?

SAM
Do you have Curious George Goes to the Hospital?

MAHONEY
I'll ask.

MR. MAGORIUM
Oh, an excellent piece of literature! A fine choice indeed.

SAM
Have you read it?

MR. MAGORIUM
Read it? I've had brunch with the man in the yellow hat himself.

He crosses to the garage door that stands behind the front counter and presses a red button that rests on it's side. The garage door begins to lift with a minor CLATTER.

The door continues to lift, revealing a set of stairs heading down into the basement. A muffled light barely reaches the top of the stairs, but otherwise we see nothing.

Mahoney takes one end of an antique looking intercom (a brass cup on the end of a flexible metal tube).

MAHONEY
Bellini. "Curious George Goes to the Hospital" please. Thank you.

We hear the sound of HEAVY MACHINERY and GRINDING GEARS from the basement. The reflection of sparks can be seen within the doorway along with the flicker of factory lights.

The GEARS soon come to a SCREECHING HALT. A moment of silence, followed by Bellini's FOOTSTEPS pounding up the stairs. He reaches the top, the book in the grips of his work gloves, his face black from machine grease and some beef jerky in his mouth.

The boy's mouth falls agape.

MR. MAGORIUM (CONT'D)
Is that it, Son?

SMALL BOY
(speechless)
Uh-huh.
(to Mahoney)
How'd you do that?

MAHONEY
I didn't do it. It's the...

Mr. Magorium pinches her again.

MAHONEY
Ow... Seriously. Stop that.

EXT. MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM (OFFICE) -- CONTINUOUS

Eric enters the office, still bouncing the ball with one hand despite the rest of his body being completely committed to another task (like finding a catalog) Henry works diligently, his head down and mood low.

ERIC
Excuse me.

HENRY
Sure.

Eric begins to look through some files.

ERIC
I need to find a yo-yo catalog.

HENRY
Good luck.

ERIC
(pause)
I'm Eric by the way. Hello.

HENRY
Hello.

ERIC
Hello. I work here.

HENRY
Yeah. Me too.

ERIC
Yeah. You look like you lost something.

HENRY
I think perhaps my mind.

Henry watches Eric keep control of the ball; a feat too tough for even most adults.

HENRY (CONT'D)
How--... How do you do that?

ERIC
(busy looking)
Do what?

HENRY
(pointing at ball)
That. I mean-- nevermind.
(pause)
I liked your... your Lincoln Log sculpture...

ERIC
Yeah...

HENRY
I was, I mean... it was-- how old are you?

ERIC
Nine.

HENRY
And you *work* here?

ERIC
I help put stuff on shelves and reach things and pick up anything over 500 pounds. Mostly I play and build stuff though.

HENRY
Like President Lincoln.

ERIC
Yeah... Mr. Magorium says I'm "smart with my body" like that.

HENRY
Smart with your body...

ERIC
Uh-huh. I'm smart with my body. And Mahoney's smart with her head. And Mr. Magorium's smart with his heart. And then he says we're a pretty good team that way.
(pause)
What are you smart with?

HENRY
Tax codes.

Henry smiles, chagrined. Eric smiles back.

INT. MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM (SCIENCE SECTION)--CONTINUOUS

Mahoney walks past some WHISPERING KIDS with several boxes of science kits. She begins to place them on the shelf as one of the kids approaches her.

WHISPERING KID
Excuse me...

MAHONEY
Yes?

WHISPERING KID
Are you Mahoney?

MAHONEY
I am.

WHISPERING KID
We were... we were wondering... could you make one of us fly?

Mahoney looks at the other eager faces.

MAHONEY
Sorry... no...

INT. MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM (GREYING CORNER)--CONTINUOUS

The grey extends another inch...

INT. MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM (SCIENCE SECTION)--
CONTINUOUS

Mahoney explains herself to the disappointed kids.

MAHONEY
I mean, I would... If I could, but
I can't...

INT. MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM (GREYING CORNER)--
CONTINUOUS

The grey extends another six inches.

INT. MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM (SCIENCE SECTION)--
CONTINUOUS

The whispering kid looks up at her.

WHISPERING KID
Oh. We all heard that you were
magic.

MAHONEY
No. I'm sorry. I'm not.

INT. MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM (GREYING CORNER)--
CONTINUOUS

The grey forcefully extends another foot and shelves on
either wall suddenly collapse.

INT. MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM (FRONT COUNTER) --
CONTINUOUS

Mr. Magorium, playing with a puppet of himself, looks up as
he hears the CRASHING sound.

SMALL BOY (O.S.)
Excuse me...

He turns to see the big platter eyes of the small boy staring
up at him again.

SMALL BOY
There's something wrong with the
book you gave me.

The boy hands Mr. Magorium the book. Mr. Magorium inspects
its exterior then opens it.

All the letters are jumbled into gibberish and the pictures
are half finished.

MR. MAGORIUM
I see... I'll notify Bellini immediately--

ANOTHER BOY runs up to the front counter.

ANOTHER BOY
Mr. Magorium? Mr. Magorium?

MR. MAGORIUM
Yes?

ANOTHER BOY
There's something really wrong, sir.

INT. PLAY AREA -- MOMENTS LATER

The boy leads Mr. Magorium, and the small boy into the play area where a few children stand inactive, distraught looks on all their faces. They are looking at the painting easels they've been using. Mahoney comes to the area, led by a little girl.

ANOTHER BOY
We were finger-painting... and then... and then Katie looked up and... see?

Mr. Magorium looks around, vexed by what he sees.

The finger-paintings (of rainbows, suns, trees, people and clouds) are all grey, instead of their normal resplendent colors.

ANOTHER BOY (CONT'D)
All the colors faded...

Even the children's fingertips are grey.

He looks to the corner of the store that had turned grey the days before. It has returned to its ashen state, even moreso than before.

MR. MAGORIUM
(to Mahoney)
We have to check the other toys.

INT. THE DOOR OF ROOMS -- MOMENTS LATER

Mr. Magorium rushes towards the door of rooms, Mahoney close on his heels. He is losing breath and sweating more.

Mr. Magorium turns the knob to "Trains". He opens the door, but only the stairway is on the other side.

He turns the knob to "Hoops" and opens the door, finding the stairway again.

MR. MAGORIUM
Confound it! Mahoney... check The Big Book...

INT. FRONT COUNTER -- MOMENTS LATER

Mahoney comes reeling around the front counter and yanks down The Big Book off the shelf. She rests it on the front counter, places her hands on the top and closes her eyes.

MAHONEY
I would like a big blue sucker.

Mahoney opens her eyes and lifts open The Big Book. As she does a monkey climbs out and quickly jumps off the counter and begins to run through the store.

INT. MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM -- MOMENTS LATER

Mahoney finds Mr. Magorium tossing paper airplanes, all of which are immediately dropping to the ground.

MR. MAGORIUM
Mahoney... the laws of gravity have *begun to apply*...

MAHONEY
The Big Book's gone to monkey's, Sir!

MR. MAGORIUM
Monkeys!? Oh no, not monkeys! *Anything* but monkeys!-- Mahoney, where's Eric?

EXT. MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM (OFFICE) -- CONTINUOUS

Eric, continuing to look through catalogs, bounces the ball which suddenly deflates on the ground.

Both Eric and Henry look. Eric looks back at Henry.

ERIC
Huh.

Mahoney bursts into the office.

MAHONEY
Eric. We need you to come to the store. There's a problem.

Eric looks up at her. Then back at the ball that sits on the floor.

INT. MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM -- CONTINUOUS

Mahoney and Eric come back into the store which has quickly turned to chaos; customers scream and dart about as the monkey chases children around, model airplanes dive-bomb people from above, a shelf sneezes sending its entire contents onto the people below, a stuffed dragon has begun to breath actual fire at passers-by and part of the wood floor has faded into grey.

Mahoney notices Mr. Magorium near the greying counter.

INT. MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM (FRONT COUNTER) -- CONTINUOUS

Eric climbs on top of the counter as people scatter about below him. He yells above them in a very official voice for a nine year old.

ERIC
The store is undergoing a little difficulty right now! Please leave through the front door calm and orderly and for Pete's sake please don't touch the slime!

INT. MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM (GREYING CORNER) -- CONTINUOUS

Mahoney finds Mr. Magorium standing amongst the grey rubble which has now reached far enough out fron the corner to become noticeable to almost anyone.

MAHONEY
Sir...?
(pause)
Sir?

He turns towards her.

MR. MAGORIUM
It's upset, Mahoney.

MAHONEY
Upset?

MR. MAGORIUM
The store, Mahoney. It's terribly upset. At perhaps us both.

MAHONEY
At *us*?

MR. MAGORIUM
Close the store and tell everyone to reconvene upstairs immediately.

MAHONEY
Sir... the store's never been closed early a day in my life...

MR. MAGORIUM
Well today it must.

A grave expression washes over her face.

INT. MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM (FRONT COUNTER)-- MOMENTS LATER

A GROWN MAN approaches the front counter, helplessly looking around at the surrounding mayhem, holding a basket of toys. Eric still stands on top of the counter trying to swat kamikaze airplanes and kites out of the sky.

GROWN MAN
What's going on?

ERIC
I don't know but could you do us a favor and try to catch the monkey?

GROWN MAN
What!? I don't know how to catch a monkey, I'm a dentist!

ERIC
Well I don't know how to catch a monkey, I'm *nine*!

A very ANGRY WOMAN comes up to the both of them, soaking wet with a baby squid sitting on her head and seaweed hanging off her clothes. The squid looks around and drapes one of its tentacles over her face.

ANGRY WOMAN
(holding up a book)
I am very disappointed with the copy of "Explore The Sea" I just purchased!

The grown man and Eric can only stare in awe.

INT. MR. MAGORIUM'S HOUSE -- EVENING

Mr. Magorium has put a large conference table in his living room with chairs all around it. The dimness of dusk requires that lamps help illuminate the table. Toy's are seated in the seats with desk blotters and glasses of water in front of them, like representatives of foreign nations at a U.N. summit.

Mahoney enters to find Eric and Henry sitting in seats on either side of the table. Eric wears his fez cap.

Mr. Magorium stands at the head wearing an old blue suit with a brown bowtie and a sticker on his lapel that reads, "Hello. My name is..." with the name, "not Steve" written in the empty space with a red marker.

MAHONEY
The store's shut down...
(seeing Henry)
You're here?

HENRY
Not by choice.

MR. MAGORIUM
Please sit down, Mahoney. We must commence our conference contiguously. I must apologize, we had an appetizer spread but Mortimer ate the pancakes.

HENRY
Who's Mortimer?

Mortimer lifts his head from behind a nearby couch, but behind Henry, where Henry can't see.

ERIC
He's the zebra.

HENRY
The *what*?

Henry turns and looks around but Mortimer has just dropped his head.

MAHONEY
Forget it, Eric.

Mr. Magorium hits a plastic gavel on the table which SQUEAKS with each hit.

MR. MAGORIUM
Order. Order. Now, first order of business; Eric...

ERIC
Yes, sir.

MR. MAGORIUM
Mesmeric hat.

ERIC
Thank you, Sir.

MR. MAGORIUM
Second order of business; The store is upset...

HENRY
What?

MR. MAGORIUM
As indicated by the little interlude this morning.

HENRY
What little interlude?

MR. MAGORIUM
You didn't see it?

MAHONEY
He doesn't see anything.

HENRY
That's not true. I saw the business license paperwork, *thankfully*, or else you'd run the risk of having to file an SP435 and a county relapse notification because *what I saw* looked possibly disastrous.

Everyone looks at him, confused.

ERIC
He was in the office.

MR. MAGORIUM
Ah. I see. Well... the store went a bit... awry.

MAHONEY
It's not... I mean... the toys aren't upset because of one of us are they...?

HENRY
Who do you mean by that?

MAHONEY
No one... I was...

HENRY
Do you mean *me*?

MAHONEY
No... I just... I was just asking a question.

HENRY
You meant me. Just be honest--

Mr. Magorium begins banging his squeaking gavel once again upon the table.

MR. MAGORIUM
Order. Order. Order. The parliamentary protocol at this parley is positively preposterous.
(pause)
(MORE)

MR. MAGORIUM (cont'd)
I have called this conference to shed light on a series of events that are taking place and to hopefully find a way of overcoming the store's obvious maladies.
(pause)
It is my belief that the store has been growing increasingly sad and today threw a fit, in fear of my egress.
(pause)
The only other time the store has behaved this way was during the winter of '57.

He slides photographs across the table for the others to see. The photographs reveal an outside perspective that shows snow up to the tops of the windows and an inside perspective of a store with grey walls and a messy toys.

MR. MAGORIUM (CONT'D)
It became, for lack of a better word, melancholy when customers could no longer visit due to the snow. It turned grey, it faked as if it had a fever and there was a rather disturbing incident with a hefty man and an angry gumball machine...
(pause)
You see, I have imbued this store with the same attitude, imagination and emotion as the children who come to play in it. And as such, it is prone to the same outbursts as its puerile clientele.

MAHONEY
You're saying it through a temper tantrum?

MR. MAGORIUM
Precisely.

ERIC
Why?

MR. MAGORIUM
Because I sent for Mr. Weston.

HENRY
Hey!?

MR. MAGORIUM
Mutant--

HENRY
I'll remind you that I tried to leave and I came back out of fear I'd be fired.

MAHONEY
Figures.

HENRY
Well why are you here? Fear of adulthood?

MAHONEY
If it looks like you I am.

Mr. Magorium hits Mahoney with the gavel, then Henry. Both react.

MR. MAGORIUM
Enough. I sent for Mr. Weston, so he may determine the store, so I may present it to Mahoney as my "legacy".

MAHONEY
What do you mean "legacy"?

ERIC
You mean Mahoney gets to run the store! How cool!

MAHONEY
What do you mean "*legacy*"?

MR. MAGORIUM
And now the store is worried and upset when I leave, Mahoney, *my beneficiary*, may not want it.

ERIC
Mahoney. Why wouldn't you want the store?

MAHONEY
Wait a second. Why are you calling it your legacy, and me your beneficiary?

HENRY
You're his heir. It's in the will.

MAHONEY
Why is there a will?

MR. MAGORIUM
Because I'm leaving.

MAHONEY
Where are you going?

ERIC
Mahoney.
(pause)
He's going to Heaven.
(MORE)

ERIC (cont'd)
(to Magorium)
Right?

MR. MAGORIUM
Heaven. Elysium. Shangri-La. Perhaps I may return as a bumblebee.

Mahoney's eyes begin to well.

MAHONEY
You're dying?

MR. MAGORIUM
Light bulbs die, my sweet. I will depart.

MAHONEY
(growing more upset)
Wait--

HENRY
Mahoney--

MAHONEY
Wait.
(to Magorium)
Are you sick?

MR. MAGORIUM
Not necessarily.

MAHONEY
Not necessarily! When exactly were you planning to "depart?"

Mr. Magorium smiles sweetly.

MR. MAGORIUM
Around four-thirty.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY -- LATER

Mr. Magorium, on a gurney, is being wheeled down a long, antiseptic stretch of hall, surrounded by doctors and triage nurses, Mahoney following along quickly.

DOCTOR
You say he passed out?

MR. MAGORIUM
I did no such thing!

MAHONEY
For at least five minutes. When he came to, he was like this...

DOCTOR
Delusional?

MR. MAGORIUM
Delusional? You dolt!

MAHONEY
Completely.

MR. MAGORIUM
I'm not delusional!

MAHONEY
He's been talking gibberish...

MR. MAGORIUM
I have? Apple Jam the Gauntlet Rhino Maze. No, wait. I think *that* was gibberish.

MAHONEY
He claims he owns a magical toy store.

MR. MAGORIUM
I *do*. You work there!

MAHONEY
He also thinks he's ,242 years old and an inventor.

MR. MAGORIUM
I am not 242 years old. I'm 243.
(to Mahoney)
You were at my birthday party. You brought balloons!

DOCTOR
He may have had a stroke.

MR. MAGORIUM
A stroke!? You unbrookable ninny! The only stroke I've had is one of genius!

DOCTOR
Nurse. Can we get him a sedative?

The doctor and nurse quickly leave to sign the necessary paperwork at a nearby nurse's stand.

MR. MAGORIUM
(quietly)
Why are you lying like this?

MAHONEY
I have to. I won't let you go.

MR. MAGORIUM
But your pants will catch fire.

MAHONEY
I don't care, Sir.

MR. MAGORIUM
Mahoney... My lovely...

MAHONEY
Sir. Don't argue. I want you to live.

MR. MAGORIUM
Darling.
(pause)
I have.

The nurse and doctor return. The nurse gives Mr. Magorium a shot.

DOCTOR
(to Magorium)
You're going to get a little sleepy...

MR. MAGORIUM
Mahoney.

DOCTOR
(to Mahoney)
You can return to the lobby now.

MR. MAGORIUM
And you, Sir, upon my waking, are going to get a sock in the nose!

Mr. Magorium quickly begins to pass out.

MAHONEY
(to the doctor)
Please. Whatever you do... don't let him die.

DOCTOR
I'll do my best.

The gurney and its entourage continue down the hall and through a set of doors into another hallway. The doors close, leaving Mahoney by herself.

INT. HOSPITAL (WAITING ROOM) -- MOMENTS LATER

Mahoney walks out into the active waiting room to find Henry and Eric.

ERIC
Did they believe you?

MAHONEY
Yeah. I had to lie though. But I got him to admit he's 243.

HENRY
Certainly made *me* think he'd had a stroke.

ERIC
When will find out if he's okay?

MAHONEY
I don't know.

ERIC
Can I wait with you?

MAHONEY
Yeah. Call your Mom first.

Eric immediately heads towards a bank of payphones by the vending machines.

MAHONEY (CONT'D)
(to Henry)
You can go Henry. I'll watch Eric.

HENRY
Mahoney. I'm sorry. If I had known...

MAHONEY
It's alright.

HENRY
I thought... I thought you would've... he had...

MAHONEY
It's okay--

HENRY
I'm sorry--

MAHONEY
Mutant. Go home.

He looks at her for a moment.

He looks at her and tries to comfort her... by ineffectually grabbing her shoulders and giving them a squeeze.

He removes his hands awkwardly, picks up his briefcase, and heads out.

Mahoney hangs her head. Rilo Kiley's "Hail Whatever You Found In The Sunlight That Surrounds You" (track 3 on your cd) begins to play as the following montage runs:

1. Mahoney continues to sit, her head hung low.

2. The clock hanging in the waiting room reads 2:34.

3. Eric sits next to Mahoney looking through a magazine.

4. Mahoney rubs her eyes.

5. The clock now reads 3:17.

6. Mahoney sees a YOUNG NURSE, around her age, giving an explanation to an OLDER COUPLE. The woman gives her a hug.

7. Eric has torn out a page of the magazine and finishes folding it into a small origami boat.

8. Mahoney paces, her fingers nervously bouncing.

9. The clock reads 4:21.

10. Eric has now folded a piece of magazine into an origami yacht.

11. The second hand clicks 4:30 firmly into place.

12. Mahoney, increasingly worried, bites her lip, her hand even more active.

13. Mahoney sees a YOUNG PREGNANT WOMAN, also around her age, having contractions, being wheeled past.

14. Eric has folded a magazine page into a large origami schooner.

15. The clock reads 5:02.

16. Mahoney, now sitting, holds her head.

17. The clock reads 5:20.

18. Eric has folded a magazine page into a large origami aircraft carrier.

19. Mahoney looks as if she's about to cry, staring at the clock.

20. A clock that now reads 5:59.

The doctor comes through the doors and looks around the room until he finds Mahoney and Eric. Mahoney looks like a total wreck and Eric sits next to a small table littered with various origami boats.

DOCTOR
Hi...

MAHONEY
Is he alive?

DOCTOR
We... we couldn't...

MAHONEY
Is he *alive*?

DOCTOR
We couldn't find anything wrong with him.

MAHONEY
So he's okay.

DOCTOR
Well, he keeps calling me a quack and claiming that Dr. Seuss is his primary physician, but...

ERIC
Sounds like he's back to his old self. Can he come home?

DOCTOR
No. If he had a stroke... the risk is very high that he could have another in the next few hours. I'd like to just keep him overnight to keep track of him.

ERIC
Oh no... this is terrible.

MAHONEY
Why? What's wrong?

ERIC
(pause. sincerely)
He doesn't have any pajamas.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM-- NIGHT

Mahoney sits quietly next to Mr. Magorium who rests in bed, an oxygen tube attached to his nose and an I.V. running into his left arm. His eyes are open and full of energy despite his abysmal surroundings. He smiles as much as possible and speaks joyfully, albeit weakly.

MR. MAGORIUM
Have you learned anything from the Congreve Cube?

MAHONEY
The block of wood?

MR. MAGORIUM
Yes.

MAHONEY
No. It just sits there.

MR. MAGORIUM
I see.
(pause)
What have you done with it?

MAHONEY
I don't really know what to do with it. No offense.

MR. MAGORIUM
Well, what would one do with a block of wood?

MAHONEY
I don't know. I mean, Sir... it can't do much. Bodies at rest tend to stay at rest...

MR. MAGORIUM
Poppycock...

MAHONEY
Listen, don't worry, I'm sure there's something useful to do with it.

MR. MAGORIUM
Sure. Use it as a paperweight. Stack a few of them to build a wall. Crack walnuts with it on your kitchen floor. Of course. There are a thousand useful things one might do with a block of wood...
(pause)
...but what do you think might happen if someone, just once, *believed* in it.

MAHONEY
What do you mean...?

They look up just as the doctor enters with Eric, who carries a large bag from the gift shop.

MR. MAGORIUM
Eric...! What task delivers such a wee and hale stripling to this chamber for the ill and barely insured?

ERIC
I brought you some stuff I thought you might need from the gift shop.

MAHONEY
(to Eric)
Listen, can you keep Mr. Magorium company while I speak with the doctor?

ERIC
Sure.

MR. MAGORIUM
Why do you need the doctor, Mahoney? Are you sick?

She just shoots Mr. Magorium a look. She gets up and leaves with the doctor.

ERIC
Okay. Here we go...

Eric sets the bag down and opens it.

It's contents masked by the foot of Mr. Magorium's bed, Eric lifts each article out to show him. First a pair of pajama's... then a toothbrush...

ERIC
P.J.'s... a toothbrush... a microscope...

Eric pulls out a microscope much too large for the bag's modest confinements... then a water hose (with nozzle)...

ERIC (CONT'D)
A water hose... and a nozzle...

Mr. Magorium looks at each item with sheer delight.

ERIC (CONT'D)
A plank of wood...

Eric finishes by pulling out a large brass instrument, a cross between a french horn and a tuba, which he holds up with particular pride...

ERIC (CONT'D)
And this!

Mr. Magorium looks at it for a moment.

MR. MAGORIUM
Eric? What is that?

ERIC
It's a euphonium.

MR. MAGORIUM
They sell euphoniums in the gift shop?

ERIC
No. This I found.

MR. MAGORIUM
Where did you find it?

ERIC
In a supply closet. Although what it was doing there I'm not quite sure.

MR. MAGORIUM
Magnificent! Hand it here.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Mahoney and the doctor stand out in the hallway. The doctor glances back and forth between her charts. Mahoney paces back and forth in a nervous, somewhat hostile fashion.

MAHONEY
What can we do to keep him... to keep him alive?

DOCTOR
Well... what you'd do to keep anyone alive. Make sure he takes his vitamins, give him liquids and try not to drop anything heavy on him.

MAHONEY
Is he... is he sick?

DOCTOR
No. Not necessarily. He seems fatigued and certainly a bit... not with it.
(sighs)
I have to tell you... we weren't able to find a single medical record for him so it's tough to say what's going on...

MAHONEY
There has to be something, something that can be done...

DOCTOR
Miss...

MAHONEY
He can't die.

DOCTOR
But he will.

She stops.

DOCTOR
I can't say when, of course, but he will. Possibly soon.
(pause)
The best thing you can do is make sure he has plenty to live for. Now, I'd like to--

A tremendous BRAP explodes from inside the room, much like the call of a wild hippopotamus.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
What in God's name...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

They come across Mr. Magorium, upright in bed, in between blows on his euphonium. He gives another, noisy BRAP.

Eric turns, broken away from his activity. He stands on a chair in the middle of the room, attaching something to the ceiling.

DOCTOR
(to Magorium)
What on earth are you doing?

MR. MAGORIUM
I am practicing the euphonium...

DOCTOR
No. Nu-uh... not in my wing you're not.

He storms over and snatches the euphonium from his grasp. (As best as one can snatch a euphonium)

MR. MAGORIUM
But I thought I might give a concert in the psych ward tomorrow...

The doctor shoots Mr. Magorium a fatherly glare.

DOCTOR
I have people trying to sleep here, Charlie Parker, and this will... where *the heck* did you find this?

ERIC
I found it. In a supply closet.

He turns and stops to see Eric still standing on the chair.

DOCTOR
In a supply closet? We don't keep musical instruments in our supply closets.

ERIC
Well where else could I have found it?

DOCTOR
What are you even doing up there?

ERIC
Standing on a chair.

Eric smiles at him.

DOCTOR
Okay, that's it... you two... out of here... you can come back to see him tomorrow.

He leads Eric and Mahoney out of the room.

ERIC
(to Magorium)
Goodbye...!

MR. MAGORIUM
Goodbye Eric! Goodbye Mahoney!

MAHONEY
Good-night, Sir. Please. Don't die.

MR. MAGORIUM
Not here, my dear, not here.

Mahoney and Eric wave as they exit and the doctor closes the door behind them. He turns to look at Magorium.

DOCTOR
As for you... you need rest...

MR. MAGORIUM
I agree. This has been exhausting.

The doctor replaces the chair to its place against the wall.

DOCTOR
What was that boy doing on this chair?

MR. MAGORIUM
(slyly)
Making sure I had enough space to sleep in...

As the doctor closes the door behind him, he flips off the lights. Simultaneously, the room descends into darkness and explodes into a galaxy of glow in the dark stars. Hundreds of the stars in various shapes and sizes envelop Mr. Magorium, the walls, the floor, the ceiling, even the bed, making it appear as though the room has become space itself.

Mr. Magorium has become a silhouette masking the night sky as he rests in his bed.

INT. MAHONEY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Mahoney comes into her apartment, the Congreve Cube resting inert underneath the glow of a lamp on the coffee table.

MAHONEY
Alright... what is it you're supposed to do? What? *Anything?* Because whatever it is, i need you to do it. Do it now. Because *he's dying*. He's dying and if you're supposed to save him or tell *me* how to save him or, or, or reveal some truth that can *keep him alive* you have to tell me now.
(pause)
Do something!

But it just sits there, inert.

MAHONEY
Please... please... something... anything...

It continues to sit there.

She shakes her head and walks away, stopping to look at the billboard alight across the street.

The Langley School's Music Project's version of "God Only Knows" (track 4 on your cd) begins to play...

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

The song continues as Henry sits at a desk in his small, modern, sleek apartment, working diligently.

INT. MAHONEY'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Mahoney sits down at the piano, but does not play. She just looks out the window at the starry night.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Henry stops working. He looks at his work. He then turns to look at the stars outside his window.

INT. ERIC'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Eric sits on his bed, looking out at the stars. He hangs his head...

INT. HENRY'S NOOK -- CONTINUOUS

Henry hangs his head...

INT. MR. MAGORIUM'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Mortimer hangs his head...

INT. MAHONEY'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Mahoney hangs her head...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The song begins to fade as we return to Mr. Magorium's room, still alight with in stars. We...

FADE OUT:

INT. BASEMENT -- MORNING

Light pours in from the small windows as Bellini lifts himself from a yoga pose.

He immediately goes to his work bench where he pulls down Mr. Magorium's book.

He opens it again. It is nearly completely full.

His face reflects a certain maudlin character, on top of his generally gruff demeanor.

He once again begins to write.

EXT. MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM -- MORNING

Henry sits on the bench outside the store, waiting as Mahoney approaching.

MAHONEY
Morning.

HENRY
Good morning. How is he doing?

MAHONEY
Better. I'm picking him up this morning. I just came to get him fresh clothes.

HENRY
Who.. Uh... Who'll run the store?

MAHONEY
No one. We'll keep it closed for now.

HENRY
I'll uh... Well... do you mind if I work on the files...

MAHONEY
No. I suppose not.

HENRY
Good. Thanks...

INT. MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM -- CONTINUOUS

The two enter to the sound of the RINGING BELL above the door.

Mahoney follows her usual morning ritual...

HENRY
I'll just be in the back... unless, unless you want me to work out here.

MAHONEY
You can work wherever you like, Mutant. I don't care.

HENRY
I mean, just in case there was an emergency... someone really needed something. I could help them.

MAHONEY
Are you...

HENRY
I'm just saying...

Mahoney walks past the shelf of kinetic toys, but they don't move.

MAHONEY
Henry. Are you offering to run the store for the day?

HENRY
Well... I just, it seems a shame to keep the store closed when I could be... you know...
(pause)
Yes. I'm offering to run the store.

MAHONEY
(pause)
That's very sweet. Thank you.

HENRY
Really?

MAHONEY
Yeah. I'd appreciate it.

HENRY
Okay. Okay. Good.

She continues towards the Door of Rooms but stops. She turns to him.

MAHONEY
Mutant. Do you think I have a sparkle?

HENRY
A sparkle?

MAHONEY
Yeah. When you look at me. Do you see a sparkle?

HENRY
Like glitter?

MAHONEY
No. Like, something in me that's... reflective of something big that's trying to get out.

HENRY
Uh... I don't know... I uh, I don't think I see a sparkle.

MAHONEY
(chagrined)
Oh.

HENRY
I mean, I... I guess I see something. I don't know. But it's, I think, more like a glint, or maybe a twinkle. I don't know.

MAHONEY
No. That's fine.

HENRY
You, uh... You do have this funny thing you do with your hands all the time.

MAHONEY
Mutant. That's a quirk.

HENRY
Is a quirk not a sparkle?

MAHONEY
No.

HENRY
Oh.
(pause)
Why do you ask?

MAHONEY
I was hoping... I just...
nevermind.

She looks at him, then stuffs her emotions, turns and continues to the back of the store.

She can't help but look at the back corner, awash in grey and dishevelled. The grey stretches another inch...

INT. HOSPITAL (WAITING ROOM) -- DAY

Mr. Magorium, dressed and looking revitalized, comes out through the swinging doors to Mahoney who waits for him, fingers moving.

MR. MAGORIUM
Good morning, Bluebell.

MAHONEY
Good morning, Sir.

MR. MAGORIUM
Look: pants!

He holds out his legs to show off his pants.

MAHONEY
What about them?

MR. MAGORIUM
Nothing. Just pants!

MAHONEY
Yeah. Me too.

MR. MAGORIUM
How stupendous! To the store!

MAHONEY
Actually... You're coming with me.

EXT. MATTRESS STORE - DAY

Mr. Magorium and Mahoney walk down a quaint city street, Mahoney checking each store as they pass.

MR. MAGORIUM
Oooh... mattresses. Shame I just woke up.

MAHONEY
Sir. You're going to have to follow my instructions.

MR. MAGORIUM
Alright...

MAHONEY
I want you to follow me, do as I do, and then run out that door.

MR. MAGORIUM
Follow you, do as you do, run out the door. Perfect.

INT. MATTRESS STORE - DAY

Mahoney and Mr. Magorium enter a large, discount mattress store. Mahoney looks around knowingly. Mr. Magorium, for perhaps the first time, seems confused. Mahoney looks around. She stops at a row of display beds that extend the entire store.

MAHONEY
I'm a little nervous about this...

MR. MAGORIUM
Why?

MAHONEY
It's mischievous and childish.

His eyes widen.

MR. MAGORIUM
I can hardly wait.

MAHONEY
Alright. On 3.

MR. MAGORIUM
Not on 3. It's always on 3.

MAHONEY
Fine. On "triskadekaphobia".

MR. MAGORIUM
Oooh... that's a good one.

She takes a deep breath and let's it out.

MAHONEY
Triskadekaphobia.

Suddenly she takes off running, Mr. Magorium quickly on her heels.

She gets to the first bed in the row and jumps, landing on it squarely, and bounces from that bed on to the next one.

Magorium jumps behind her.

Soon, the tow of them are bouncing from bed to bed, down the row.

A very stern looking MANAGER turns his head.

MR. MAGORIUM
This is splendid!

They continue to bounce, CUSTOMERS looking at them in shock.

And Mahoney comes to the end, hits the ground running and takes off for the door. Mr. Magorium lands behind her and catches up with her as they run.

The manager tries to run after them.

But they bound out the door, laughing.

INT. MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM -- MORNING

Henry sits on a stool next to a shelf of toys. He is taking each individual toy off the shelf, inspecting them and then marking something about each in a ledger.

He smiles at the lifeless toys, even though they are not responding. He holds up a wooden Einstein doll that he has review his ledger.

Eric enters from outside in his usual attire plus a red velvet top hat a'la the Mad Hatter. He catches Henry playing.

HENRY
Oh. Uh. Morning, Eric.

ERIC
Morning. Wow, it's quiet today.

HENRY
Yep. No one's come in. Mahoney left so it's just been me thus far.

ERIC
You've been here all by yourself all morning?

HENRY
Yeah.

ERIC
And the store didn't collapse around you?

Henry sort of chuckles.

ERIC
What are you doing?

HENRY
Uh... taking down merchandise codes.

ERIC
No. With Einstein.

HENRY
Oh... Nothing. I was just fiddling... occupying my time...

ERIC
You mean, pretending?

HENRY
It's not pretending. I was just doing this to keep my mind active while, you know, there wasn't much else to think about.
(pause)
Do you know what I mean?

ERIC
Yeah. That's called pretending.

Henry has no ready response.

ERIC (CONT'D)
(sagely)
It's okay. You can stay out here and play with the toys, Mutant. I won't tell anyone.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Mr. Magorium and Mahoney (carrying a large roll of bubble wrap) walk through the park eating ice cream. They pass a couple of businessmen, who look at them with narrowed eyes. Mahoney shrinks a little, feeling awkward.

They come to a flat, cemented part of the park near a fountain. She hands him her ice cream.

MAHONEY
Here is good, Sir.

She lays down the roll of bubble wrap and unfurls it. She then takes Mr. Magorium and leads him onto the good 12 square feet of wrapping. She takes both ice creams from him.

She steps back.

MR. MAGORIUM
Now what?

MAHONEY
Dance.

Mr. Magorium immediately begins to jig, popping the bubble wrap under his feet in a cacophony of snaps. he starts to laugh.

MR. MAGORIUM
This is brilliant!

He dances more fervently, getting popping noises one would hardly expect, that almost sound like tap-dancing.

MAHONEY
Sir...

MR. MAGORIUM
Yes dear?

MAHONEY
I think we need to have a discussion...

MR. MAGORIUM
Oooh... what shall we discuss? Wait! I have one. Black Gum Drops: Why?

MAHONEY
No, Sir. I want to discuss the emporium.

He continues to dance.

MR. MAGORIUM
Of course. I think you'll do a fantastic job with it.

MAHONEY
Sir. I can't. I'm not... sir. I'm just some random girl who wandered into your store one day...

MR. MAGORIUM
Nonsense! You're some random girl who has changed the course of history!

MAHONEY
Sir.

MR. MAGORIUM
Alright, perhaps not history. But perhaps the lives of the children who come to the emporium.

MAHONEY
You have to stay, Sir. Because I can't run it...

MR. MAGORIUM
Of course you can, dear--

MAHONEY
I can't.

MR. MAGORIUM
You're brilliant--

MAHONEY
No--

MR. MAGORIUM
You're tremendously strange--

MAHONEY
I'm, no, no I'm--

MR. MAGORIUM
You have ears--

MAHONEY
Sir. I'm not magic.

He suddenly stops dancing and just looks at her, his face awash with frustration.

MR. MAGORIUM
Nothing causes me so much disappointment as those three little words, Mahoney. In a world that includes snowflakes and hummingbirds and Pablo Neruda and the Grand Canyon you argue that you are incapable of magic? It defies the very fabric of the world. This, this horrible phrase, "I'm not magic", uttered by a woman who has achieved the things you have? "I'm not magic." Have you not seen the eyes you widen, the mouths you drop, the hair you stand on end? "I am not magic." You are as magic as daisies. As turtles. As geometry. As human skin. You are magic.
(pause)
Only, my dear, sweet, Beloved, you are exceptionally blind to it.
(pause)
(MORE)

MR. MAGORIUM (cont'd)
I am no archimage. I am no sorcerer. No wizard. I simply recognize this world for *exactly* what it is: unthinkable, improbable, and utterly limitless.

He reaches out and takes her arm in his hand.

MR. MAGORIUM
And believe it or not, that includes you.

He pulls her onto the wrapping to dance but no matter where she steps, there is no popping sound.

INT. CLOCK STORE - LATER

Mahoney watches the store owner from around a corner as Mr. Magorium moves the hand of a grandfather clock surreptitiously. The clock store is packed with old, odd, antique clocks and the atmosphere is very serene and serious.

Mr. Magorium gives Mahoney an "okay" sign and Mahoney returns to him.

MR. MAGORIUM
Twenty-seven seconds.

MAHONEY
Great.

They share a look.

MR. MAGORIUM
(pause)
Why have you done all this for me, my sweet?

MAHONEY
I...
(pause)
I wanted you to see all the little things you'll miss if you leave.

MR. MAGORIUM
I see.
(pause)
And here I thought this was supposed to be the best last day of anyone who ever lived.

MAHONEY
This can't be your last day, Sir.

MR. MAGORIUM
Ah, but it is.

MAHONEY
Please...

MR. MAGORIUM
And now, thanks to you, it is almost entirely filled.

MAHONEY
No...

MR. MAGORIUM
All I have left to do is use a public phone, wait in a line and complain to a manager and my life will be complete...

MAHONEY
Sir...

MR. MAGORIUM
Shhhh... It's almost time.

He takes her hand, and looks at her.

And simultaneously, all of the clocks set off their alarms. GONGS, RINGS, ALARMS and CHIRPS resonate through the store.

The sounds fill Mr. Magorium with utter delight, but Mahoney looks at him, her eyes filling with tears.

INT. FRONT COUNTER -- CONTINUOUS

Eric, ringing up a customer, asks them to pause as the phone on the wall rings. He answers.

ERIC
Mr. Magorium's Wonder Emporium. We sell toys. We do not fix car transmissions.

EXT. PAY PHONE BANK -- CONTINUOUS

Mr. Magorium, elated, gives Mahoney a big thumbs up as he speaks very loudly into the phone.

MR. MAGORIUM
Eric! I am calling from a public phone!

INT. FRONT COUNTER -- CONTINUOUS

Eric's face reflects his confusion.

ERIC
Good for you, Sir.

EXT. PAY PHONE BANK -- CONTINUOUS

Mr. Magorium smiles. Mahoney is obviously still upset.

MR. MAGORIUM
There are two things I must tell you. Firstly: Capitol hat!

INT. FRONT COUNTER -- CONTINUOUS

Eric looks up: how could Mr. Magorium possibly know?

ERIC
Thanks.

EXT. PAY PHONE BANK -- CONTINUOUS

Mr. Magorium continues.

MR. MAGORIUM
Secondly: you are an amazingly curious young man and when powers tempt you to become something more normal, I beg you to ignore them.

ERIC
Yes, Sir.

MR. MAGORIUM
Good. Now put the mutant on the phone.

INT. FRONT COUNTER -- CONTINUOUS

Eric puts the phone down and finds Henry, replacing tops in their bin.

ERIC
Henry. The phone's for you.

Henry, confused, hands the tops to Eric and walks around the front counter and picks up the phone.

HENRY
Hello?

INT. PAY PHONE BANK -- CONTINUOUS

Mr. Magorium looks out at the street.

MR. MAGORIUM
Mutant! I have something very, very, supremely important to tell you--

Suddenly there is a CLICKING sound and a COMPUTERIZED OPERATOR comes over the line.

COMPUTERIZED OPERATOR
Please insert 35 more cents...

Mr. Magorium looks at the receiver.

COMPUTERIZED OPERATOR (CONT'D)
Please enter 35 more cents...

He simply hangs up.

MR. MAGORIUM
Oh well. He'll figure it out.

He gives Mahoney a smile.

EXT. BEACH (OUTSIDE HOT DOG HUT) -- LATER

Mr. Magorium and Mahoney get to the front of the line and step towards the opening of a red tent that sits on a well populated beach.

Mr. Magorium speaks directly to the PIMPLY TEENAGER in a striped shirt and hat that stands in the window.

MR. MAGORIUM
(sternly)
May I speak with your manager?

The pimply teenager turns to a second pimply teenager, feet away, who is surreptitiously reviewing the contents of a fireworks box.

PIMPLY TEENAGER
Tim?

The second pimply teenager looks up.

MR. MAGORIUM
This guy wants to talk to you.

Mr. Magorium turns to Mahoney and nods like a child about to pull a prank.

Tim steps to the window.

TIM
May I help you?

MR. MAGORIUM
Are you the manager of this hot dog hut?

TIM
Uh... yeah...

Mr. Magorium reaches his hand into the tent, grabs Tim's hand and shakes it violently.

MR. MAGORIUM
It's an absolute honor. I was going to complain but I'm just... I'm simply too moved.

Tim looks on fearfully.

EXT. CITY BLOCK -- EVENING

Henry is walking down the street, away from the store. Eric catches up with him, still in his red velvet hat.

ERIC
Henry!

HENRY
Hey, Eric.

ERIC
Hey, um... Do you mind, well--

HENRY
Yes?

ERIC
Well, Mahoney usually walks me home... and... it's getting dark...

HENRY
Do you want me to walk you home?

ERIC
Thanks.

They walk with each other for a little ways...

They continue to walk...

HENRY
Eric, I have to ask, where do you get your hats?

ERIC
Out of my closet.

They both laugh.

HENRY
Every day I see you in a different hat.

ERIC
Yeah... I collect them.

HENRY
Really?

ERIC
Mr. Magorium says I have the neatest hat collection he's ever seen.

HENRY
(pause)
Huh. I know people who, you know, own several hats... but I don't know if I've heard of a hat collector before.

Eric stops walking.

Henry stops with him.

ERIC
(secretly)
You wanna see 'em?

EXT. BEACH -- LATER

Mr. Magorium and Mahoney, hot dogs in hand, walk away from the hot dog hut, the activity of the beach winding down.

Mahoney looks despondently at a young mother who helps her sandy kids into a station wagon. Mr. Magorium notices. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a photograph which he hands to her.

MAHONEY
What is this...?

MR. MAGORIUM
That's a photograph taken of me in 1773; when I was living in Switzerland...

The picture is, in fact, a black and white glossy of Magorium dressed in period garb sitting behind a table at a carnival. On the front of the table is a sign that reads, "The Miracle of Flight" with a single paper airplane sitting on the table. Magorium smiles pleasantly at the camera.

MR. MAGORIUM (CONT'D)
That was the first amusement I ever sold...

(MORE)

MR. MAGORIUM (CONT'D)
the very, very, very *first* creased contraption of gossamer aerodynamics...

MAHONEY
A paper airplane?

MR. MAGORIUM
Alright, sure, if you want to ruin a name like "creased contraption of gossamer aerodynamics".

MAHONEY
And you invented it?

They continue walking.

MR. MAGORIUM
Well... it wasn't that distinguished... paper had been invented some thousand years prior and birds had been flying around for millennia... I simply put the two together...

MAHONEY
What did you do after you sold it?

MR. MAGORIUM
I built another one,and sold it. But, this time, instead of selling it to Mr. Hamlisch, the local fish hawker, I sold it to the Prince. Soon I was manufacturing toys for the Royal Family and, eventually, I saved enough money to come to the States and open a small store...

MAHONEY
The Wonder Emporium?

MR. MAGORIUM
Indeed.

The hot dog hut is well behind them now, as Mr. Magorium stops.

MR. MAGORIUM
Everyone is given the opportunity for remarkable life, Mahoney. I have lived mine. And now I am moving on, so you may live yours. And you may conduct that life however the deem fit. But they you must be brave, and thoughtful, and conduct it with all your might.
(pause)
Why else would all this beauty and adornment and light be put here...
(MORE)

MR. MAGORIUM (cont'd)
Why else would we have toys, clocks, counting mutants, the Congreve Cube and spectacular people like you here unless life is supposed to be more than what is expected.
(pause)
Your life is an occasion. Rise to it.

And suddenly, from the direction of the hot dog stand, a superfluity of mismatched FIREWORKS explode in the evening sky, above our heroes' heads.

INT. ERIC'S ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Eric and Henry stand outside Eric's closet in his room. The walls are creme as well with thick blue stripes running vertically down the walls, but no posters. It exemplifies Eric's spirit; simple, charming and unequivocally unique.

Eric looks to Henry to make sure he's ready.

ERIC
Okay... you wanna see?

HENRY
(slightly anxious)
Yeah.

ERIC
Just... try not to get too overwhelmed.

Henry nearly snickers.

Eric opens the doors. Behind them are close to two hundred different hats; hard hats, baseball caps, occupational hats, character hats and international hats, all organized neatly on hooks for display.

Henry can't help it. He's overwhelmed.

HENRY (CONT'D)
(stunned)
Oh my...

ERIC
(proudly)
Pretty neat, huh?

HENRY
Eric... when you said "a lot", I was expecting, like, twenty...

ERIC
Oh no... I have more than that...

HENRY
And you wear all these...?

ERIC
Sure... what good would they be if I didn't wear 'em?

HENRY
Wow.

Eric smiles at Henry. A glimmer flashes through his eye as he looks at Henry slyly.

ERIC
(privately)
You wanna try one on?

HENRY
No. No that's alright. I'm fine.

ERIC
Henry.

HENRY
What?

ERIC
I think we both know you wanna try a hat on.

INT. ERIC'S STAIRWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

ERIC'S MOTHER, a stern and funless looking woman in a business suit ascends the stairs with tired steps. We watch as she walks down the hallway but stops. We can hear FROLICKING AND GIGGLING coming from inside Eric's room.

INT. ERIC'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Eric and Henry stand across the room from each other, Eric in a chair with a crown on, Henry dancing around in front of him with a jester's hat on. Henry has completely let down his guard and is acting quite comically, much to Eric's amusement.

HENRY
(in a silly jester voice)
We've got to buy the dragon a toothbrush, Your Excellency... after devouring most of the township his breath is just awful...

ERIC
(in a deep voice)
He ate the town?

HENRY
The baker and his wife, the woodsmith and his three sons... and then for dessert he ate the cobbler.

ERIC
(still in deep voice)
Good idea Fool, go brush the dragon's teeth.

HENRY
(with a gulp)
Me? But sir, he doesn't like me...

ERIC
And...?

HENRY
And he's very large... and I look surprisingly like a toothpick from afar.

ERIC'S MOTHER (O.S.)
Eric...? Do you have someone--

Eric's mother opens the door and is shocked to find herself looking at a grown man in a jester's hat.

HENRY (CONT'D)
(in his real voice)
But alas, Your Highness. The Queen has arrived. Game over.

ERIC'S MOTHER
(to Eric)
Who's this?

ERIC
The mutant.

ERIC'S MOTHER
The what?

ERIC
Henry. Sorry. Henry.

ERIC'S MOTHER
Henry who?

HENRY
Henry Weston. I uh... I work...

ERIC'S MOTHER
What are you doing in my son's room?

HENRY
I was... pretending.

ERIC
Henry's a friend of mine.

ERIC'S MOTHER
A little old, don't you think, to be playing dress up?

HENRY
Yes. Absolutely. It's... you know, it's late. I should have been... I should go... I... I have work to do.

Henry takes off his hat and returns to his normal, cynical self.

ERIC'S MOTHER
(to Eric)
Don't you have chores?

HENRY
Ma'am, he's... he's been working all day at the store--

ERIC'S MOTHER
(to Henry)
I thought you said you were leaving.

HENRY
Certainly. Excuse me.

Eric's body slumps as Henry puts down the hat and passes out the door.

INT. MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM -- NIGHT

Mr. Magorium and Mahoney, laughing, come strolling into the store. Magorium turns on a few lights; just enough to see one's way through the maze.

As the laughter subsides, it makes way for a profound weight that overcomes them both.

They stand there, looking at one another, barely smiling, for what seems to be an eternity.

And suddenly, Mahoney leaps out and grabs him, desperate to keep him here, knowing she can't.

MR. MAGORIUM
Mahoney.

MAHONEY
Don't go.

MR. MAGORIUM
Darling--

MAHONEY
Just... just one more day...

MR. MAGORIUM
I can't...

MAHONEY
I'll-- I'll stay...

MR. MAGORIUM
Mahoney...

MAHONEY
Just... just... I'll stay and--

MR. MAGORIUM
Mahoney--

MAHONEY
No. Not tonight, not right now, please...
(pause)
Just give me a little longer... just a little longer.

He manages to extend his arms so he can look at her.

MR. MAGORIUM
(pause)
When King Lear dies in Act 5, do you know what Shakespeare has written? He's written, "He dies."
(pause)
That's all. Nothing more. No fanfare. No metaphor. No brilliant final words. The culmination of the most influential work of dramatic literature is, "He dies." It takes Shakespeare, a genius, to come up with, "He dies." And yet every time I read those two words I find myself overwhelmed with dysphoria. And I know it's only natural to be sad. But not because of the words, "He dies." Because of the life we saw prior to the words.
(pause)
I've lived all five of my acts, Mahoney... I am not asking you to be happy that I must go. I am only asking that you turn the page, continue reading, let the next story begin. And if anyone ever asks what became of me, you relate my life in all its wonder, and end it with a simple and modest, "He died."

She looks up at him, tears in her eyes.

MAHONEY (CONT'D)
(pause. about to cry)
I'm gonna miss you so much...

She runs to him and they embrace. She holds his forehead to hers as she cries.

MAHONEY (CONT'D)
(quietly)
I love you...

MR. MAGORIUM
I love you too...

MAHONEY
I can feel a fever.

MR. MAGORIUM
I know. I don't have much time...

MAHONEY
Can I stay with you...

MR. MAGORIUM
No... go home, my angel.

MAHONEY
Is there anything I can do...

MR. MAGORIUM
No...

MAHONEY
To make this more comfortable...

MR. MAGORIUM
No... this is best done alone.

He begins to weep and grows considerably tired.

MR. MAGORIUM
I leave you with these three secrets:

MAHONEY
Okay.

MR. MAGORIUM
First; Henry Weston must be heard.

MAHONEY
I don't... Sir...

MR. MAGORIUM
Second; the textbooks are wrong... bodies at rest must not always stay that way...

His tears are growing more heavy...

MAHONEY
What's the third secret?

MR. MAGORIUM
(through his tears)
...that I'm so proud of you.

She hugs him. They stay embraced for a moment, then break apart. She looks at him, takes a deep breath, then turns around and walks to the door.

He watches her as she leaves. After the door has shut behind her, she looks back through the pane and waves goodbye.

He waves back.

He waits until she's well gone.

Death Cab For Cutie's "Transatlanticism" (track 5 on your cd) begins to play.

He takes a piece of paper from near he front counter and carries it with him as he finds a chair.

He caries both to the corner of the store that has turned grey. He sets down the chair and as he begins to sit, begins to fold the paper.

MR. MAGORIUM
I had hoped you would improve by now... and it breaks my heart to leave you like this. You must hold on. You must. She will find it. She will give you all that you need.

He finishes a paper airplane, takes it in his fingers, and sighs.

MR. MAGORIUM
I know it to be true, my sweet, because she has given it to me.

With a flick of his wrist he sends the paper airplane flying.

We follow the paper airplane as it dips, turns and then ascends into the air, above the shelves and towards the ceiling-- an uncommon trajectory for a paper airplane. It continues to weave, bob, and glide through the store, past shelves of toys, over mountains of Legos, etc.

It makes a sweeping turn and begins its descent, approaching an aisle like an air strip. It rights itself and lifts its nose to come almost parallel to the ground.

It slides across the floor coming to a precise stop at Mr. Magorium's feet. It rests for a moment...

And it stays at rest.

EXT. CEMETERY -- DAY

Grey clouds blanket the sky behind the somber faces and black lapels of Eric and Mahoney.

They do not cry, just look on.

They stand in a row, staring at Mr. Magorium's headstone. Presently, they appear to be the only mourners.

Mr. Magorium's headstone is a classy, gothic stone with the words, "Edward Magorium. Toy impresario, wonder aficionado, avid shoe-wearer" etched into its face.

We lift above them where we see the green hill slope into a small valley. In that valley hundreds of mourners wait to pay their respects; Adults and children (and even Mortimer) stand patiently in black in a large group. Some carry flowers, others carry small toys.

EXT. MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM -- LATER

The music continues as Eric and Mahoney, still in mourning, walk down the sidewalk silently as they approach Mr. Magorium's Wonder Emporium.

INT. MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM -- CONTINUOUS

Eric enters and turns on the lights.

Every color has faded into grey: the wood, the toys, the mobiles and the walls. The toys rest uniformly and plainly in their shelves, like supplies in a military ordinance.

Eric looks to the wall of stuffed animals: are all now charcoal-colored and their bodies hang limply, despondently as they look out from their shelves with vacuous stares.

Bellini stands in the book balcony, going through the children's books, all of which are the same size with the words "Children's Book" printed in generic lettering on the binding.

ERIC
It's... it's not that bad... we can bring it back, right Mahoney?

But Mahoney just stands outside the store, refusing to come in.

In a match of a previous shot, Mahoney once again stands between the two worlds; only now the store is as grey and mundane as the world outside.

Mahoney just stares.

ERIC
Mahoney?

EXT. MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM -- DAY

Eric quickly comes out of the store.

ERIC
Mahoney. What if we throw a party? Or pretend it's Christmas... there has to be something we can do.

MAHONEY
I'm sorry, Eric.

ERIC
I'll help you... just don't quit.

MAHONEY
Eric...

ERIC
Mahoney...

MAHONEY
I'm sorry.

Mahoney turns and walks away from the store, and Eric. Eric, stunned just stands and watches her as she leaves.

INT. 'EL' TRAIN -- DAY

Mahoney sits on the train, surrounded by commuters again. The MAN IN THE TACO OUTFIT now sits across from her. He smiles. She does not.

For the first time Mahoney fits in with the other commuters. The only difference is that she is in mourning.

INT. MAHONEY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

The music continues as Mahoney enters, tossing her keys down into a bowl near the door. She turns on a floor lamp which barely fills the room with light. The rest of the apartment is illuminated by the intrusion of streetlights and neon signs. She is conducting with her free hand, mindlessly.

She looks at the cube with wearied eyes, her face tainted with exhaustion and worry.

We trail to the cube, which rests inert.

As we return to Mahoney's face, she walks away towards her kitchen. We see her clearly in the background as she turns on the kitchen light; the glow reflecting off of her yellow kitchen walls.

We leave her and turn around 180 degrees to the Congreve Cube which continues to rest inert.

We turn back around as Mahoney fills a teapot with water and places it on her gas range. She turns the heat on as we turn back towards the living room.

We pass by her bookcase: music books, toys, and a photo of her standing in front of an audience, a conductors baton in her hands.

We come back to the Congreve Cube which continues to rest inert. From the kitchen we can hear faint RUSTLING.

We return to the kitchen: Mahoney is on the floor, cowered against the back wall, SOBBING and clutching herself with her arms.

Mahoney continues to sob as we return one last time to the Congreve Cube, which can do nothing to help her.

We look out the window, past the piano, at the billboard, still unanswered.

INT. BASEMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Bellini solemnly turns the final page of the old book he's been working on. His calloused fingers close the leather binding and drag across the back.

Bellini stands, his hand resting on the back of the book.

The music and picture...

FADE OUT:

INT. HENRY'S AGENCY -- CONTINUOUS

Henry, carrying two manila folders, walks through the corridors of his accounting agency, past the dull blue of cubicles and the mundane protocol of office work. He passes a large, male CO-WORKER.

CO-WORKER
Weston. Can you enter a bunch of I-9 worksheets into the mainframe for me?

HENRY
Well... actually, I--

CO-WORKER
Appreciate it.

The co-worker just plops another file into his arms. Henry is barely able to avoid spilling its contents.

He continues on, passing a FEMALE EXECUTIVE in a sleek suit only a few cubicles further.

FEMALE EXECUTIVE
Henry? Finish that clearing house account like I asked you?

HENRY
You asked me to finish a clearing house account?

FEMALE EXECUTIVE
Last Tuesday.

HENRY
No. That... that wasn't--

FEMALE EXECUTIVE
I need it by tomorrow.

HENRY
But I haven't, you didn't--

FEMALE EXECUTIVE
Tomorrow, Henry.

HENRY
Yes. Yes Ms. Fludd.

He continues down the corridor, stepping aside for two gruff looking men who are obviously his superiors.

Finally, he reaches a small cubicle where Mahoney waits for him.

HENRY
Hi. Sorry.

MAHONEY
Hey.

HENRY
Sorry.

MAHONEY
It's okay.

He puts down the files and sits at his desk. We can see that his in-box is inordinately high. He sits, but the cramped conditions butt his knees against Mahoney's.

HENRY
So... uh... How are you?

MAHONEY
Sad.

HENRY
Yeah. I'm... I'm sorry.

MAHONEY
It's okay...

HENRY
Okay. Well... you'll be happy to know that the store is in the red and has a very stable profitability.

MAHONEY
Great... that's... great.

HENRY
But... I, I went by... yesterday. And I noticed it was closed.

MAHONEY
Yeah...

HENRY
And it was Tuesday.

MAHONEY
Yeah...

HENRY
Ms. Mahoney. i realize it may be a little hard right now but...are you planning on letting it stay... at rest?

MAHONEY
I don't know what else to do.

HENRY
Well, from a financial point of view, every day that the store is closed, it's losing value. It's my professional opinion that if you're going to keep it, that would mean you would have to keep it open and... you have to run it.

MAHONEY
(pause)
I can't. Not on my own.

HENRY
Well, okay.
(pause)
Then the only solution would be... to sell it.

MAHONEY
Yeah... I know.

HENRY
I can put it on the market as soon as tomorrow morning, if you like.

Mahoney looks at him.

HENRY
Ms. Mahoney?

She can't answer.

HENRY
Do you want me to... to, uh... call a real estate agent?

She still can't answer. She begins to cry again.

HENRY
Oh. Oh. Uh. Oh. Okay... Okay...

She crumbles, leaning towards him.

HENRY
Oh boy...

He puts his hands on her shoulders, but she collapses further.

HENRY
Mahoney...

Soon she is in his arms and he must awkwardly hold her.

HENRY
Okay... Okay.

Another co-worker passes Henry's cubicle, pausing as they see Henry holding a sobbing Mahoney in his arms.

Henry's face is wrought with discomfort.

EXT. MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM -- DAY

Eric, on stilts, wearing a Napoleon hat, comes sauntering towards the store.

He stops and looks at it.

The store is still in its maudlin state, with very little light to be seen inside.

He notices a large sign in one of the windows that reads: "For Sale".

EXT. MAHONEY'S APARTMENT -- LATER

Mahoney sits at her piano. She plays a little, but stops. She tries to play again but stops. She tries once more but stops again, in the exact same spot.

Her doorbell RINGS.

She gets up, crosses to her door and opens it only to find Eric in a small suit, hair slicked back, with a briefcase.

MAHONEY
Eric?

He comes in without being invited.

ERIC
I am here to make you a substantial offer for the store.

MAHONEY
What?

He sits down and opens his briefcase and begins to pull out real estate paperwork.

ERIC
Although I am unable to offer the full amount and am nine... I think you might be interested in my proposal.

He hands her a thick stack of papers... much like a contract.

MAHONEY
Eric.

ERIC
The following simply states that I can offer you a down-payment of 237 dollars in pennies, nickels, dimes and a Christmas check from my Grandma, and then am willing to pay you my allowance and a hefty percentage of the store's profit on a weekly basis. Keep in mind that my age works as a *benefit* as it means that I have more weeks left in my life than the typical buyer, which means *more allowances.*

MAHONEY
Why are you doing this?

ERIC
(lying)
I want to get into the real estate game. Flip a few properties. Make my mark on the city.

MAHONEY
Eric--

ERIC
The only thing we can invest in is the future--

MAHONEY
Stop--

ERIC
I want to--

MAHONEY
Stop--

ERIC
(snapping out of his routine)
I don't want someone else to have the store... Alright? I don't want it to change.

MAHONEY
Eric--

ERIC
I'll throw in my hat collection.

MAHONEY
I don't want your hat collection.

ERIC
There *has to be* something...

MAHONEY
Eric--

ERIC
Please!

He's obviously upset.

ERIC
Just sell it to me. I'll give you anything you want. Just... just give it to me and let me keep it open until you come back.

MAHONEY
He's not coming back. He's gone. Forever.

ERIC
I didn't say him, Mahoney. I said you.

She stops.

MAHONEY
Don't you think that if I was meant to run the emporium, it wouldn't have turned grey? It wouldn't have thrown a fit. The store knows I can't run it. It knows he's gone. And it thinks it's over.

ERIC
Then you have to make it think otherwise.

He closes his briefcase, stands and begins to walk away. Before he leaves, he turns to her.

ERIC
I'll throw in some jellybeans and my Kirby Puckett baseball cards... but that's my final offer.

INT. MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM -- LATE AFTERNOON

A few days later. Although the sun has returned, the store remains pallid. The sunlight seems to only illuminate its dispirited state.

Mahoney, Henry and a REAL ESTATE AGENT are showing the PROSPECT around the store. The prospect is an upper-class, pompous looking woman in her late thirties.

The prospect's LITTLE BOY is looking around the store as well but independently of the group and with decidedly more interest. Mahoney hovers at the front counter with the Congreve Cube.

PROSPECT
(looking at the grey)
My Lord... no wonder you're going out of business. Depressing.
(laughing conceitedly)
Look at these toys! Nobody plays with these toys anymore!

MAHONEY
That was the point, actually...

The prospect's little boy has found something of interest on one of the shelves.

REAL ESTATE AGENT
You will notice the original woodwork is still here. See? Around the molding and--

PROSPECT
Well, we can paint over that.

Mahoney notices that the little boy wants to get a gyroscope that's too high for him to reach. She comes around to help him.

LITTLE BOY
Can I play with that?

PROSPECT
(quickly)
Don't touch anything, Jack.

MAHONEY
It's fine ma'am. He can play with anything he likes.

She walks up to the little boy.

Mahoney reaches up and pulls it down. The gyroscope is a pale grey, like all the other toys in the store. She hands it to him and he stares at it, perplexed.

MAHONEY
Do you know how it works?

LITTLE BOY
I have no idea.

MAHONEY
I'll show you.

Mahoney begins to tilt the gyroscope back and forth, so it's wheel slides up and down the rails. The little boy smiles. After a second, she hands it to him. We can see Henry watching her from the background.

LITTLE BOY
Wow, that's neat.

MAHONEY
Of course, it's a magnet.

LITTLE BOY
How does the magnet work?

MAHONEY
I don't know.

LITTLE BOY
Is it magic?

MAHONEY
It's... it's uh...

She stops herself.

MAHONEY
It is actually.

The boy smiles and runs off spinning the gyroscope. We lose him as he runs around the store, ducking behind displays and running up and down stairs.

Mahoney catches up to the prospect who opens the Door of Rooms only to find a supply closet.

PROSPECT
(to Mahoney)
You don't sell Barbie!? Or video game things!?

MAHONEY
Well... uh, It wasn't really that kind of store, Ma'am.

The prospect, fairly put-off, returns again to her tour of the store.

PROSPECT
Well, it's certainly a large enough space for the price... although everything would have to be gutted and redone.
(turning to Mahoney)
Are you willing to come down on the price if I pay in cash?

MAHONEY
I... I guess--

HENRY
We have a lot to discuss in regards to the store's value.

PROSPECT
Well, if I take it, I'd like to start knocking down walls and such as soon as possible. I'll let you know.
(to her boy)
Come on, Jack, we're leaving.

LITTLE BOY (O.S.)
It's magic!

PROSPECT
(to Jack)
Come on now... we have other properties to look at.

Jack comes running around the corner of the store, empty handed. He jumps to a stop at his mother's feet.

PROSPECT
(to Mahoney)
Thank you.

HENRY
Have a good day.

REAL ESTATE AGENT
We'll be in touch.

MAHONEY
Thanks.

The other three make there way to the exit as Mahoney notices the Door of Rooms is still open.

She walks to the end of the store and closes the door. As she turns around, she stops suddenly...

There, on the floor, is the gyroscope... aglow in color: it's purple wheel atop the brass rails connected by a deep red handle.

Mahoney crosses to it and picks it up. She gives it a spin and the colors pulse.

She turns around to find Henry standing nearby, looking at her. He doesn't see the gyroscope.

HENRY
I think she wants it.

MAHONEY
I think so too...

HENRY
I wouldn't be surprised if we heard an offer by tomorrow morning.

MAHONEY
Yeah...

HENRY
And if it's cash, then escrow will be a matter of hours.

MAHONEY
Great...

Mahoney looks at the gyroscope. There is a moment, then...

HENRY
So if you don't want me to sell it to her, I think you should tell me now.

She stands up, trying to keep her composure.

HENRY
That woman can pay the price you quote... but she'll never know what the store is worth.

Mahoney tries to avoid breaking down again, but can't do much more than just stand there, staring at him.

HENRY
Please don't cry again.

Mahoney breaks out of it.

MAHONEY
No. You should go home.

She walks away, towards the front of the store.

INT. MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM (FRONT COUNTER) - CONTINUOUS

Henry follows her.

HENRY
Ms. Mahoney--

MAHONEY
You can go home now, Mr. Weston, your job here is done.

HENRY
Are you sure?

MAHONEY
I'm sure.

HENRY
This is something you can't reverse. It's your life.

MAHONEY
I know what my life is, Mr. Weston. My life is unexceptional and average and now devoid of the one joy I had...

HENRY
That's not true.

MAHONEY
I've worked here since I was a little girl, Mr. Weston. I worked here every day so I could make enough money to pay for college, and get degree in music in the hopes something spectacular would happen to me. And do you know what's happened?
(pause)
Nothing.
(pause)
And so I bought a piano, which I play every day.
(MORE)

MAHONEY (cont'd)
I play with all my heart, hoping I'll find some series of notes that no one has yet found but everyone has hoped for, and do you know what happens when I play?
(pause)
Nothing.
(pause)
And I have music, *coarsing through my veins*, that I write down copiously in the hopes that some great symphony will reveal itself, but you know what it's brought me?
(pause)
Nothing.
(pause)
No matter what I do, Mr. Weston... my hopes of something spectacular elude me. And not for lack of trying. But for a lack of something spectacular *inside me* that can come out.
(pause)
I can no more run this store than I can conduct a masterful symphony, keep my dearest friend alive... or get this block of wood to move by itself.

HENRY
Why not?

MAHONEY
Because I'm not magic. If I was... I could have kept him alive. I could have... saved the store. I could get this sedentary block of wood to *do something*.

HENRY
No offense, Ms. Mahoney, but what do expect it to do. It's a block of wood.

MAHONEY
A magical block of wood, Mr. Weston. A block of wood whose potential has yet to be discovered. A block of wood that, probably in the right hands, could reveal some greatness we can't even imagine.

HENRY
I'm sorry. But that's impossible.

MAHONEY
And this is what you do not understand. Every minute, every day, in every corner of this store, what happened was the impossible.

HENRY
Do you honestly believe that?

MAHONEY
Yes...

HENRY
That this store was magic.

MAHONEY
You just never saw it.

HENRY
And that, that, that... this block of wood is really more than a block of wood.

MAHONEY
Absolutely. I believe it with my entire heart.

And suddenly, by its own will, the block flips onto another side.

Henry's eyes widen as he sees it.

MAHONEY
But the disheartening truth is that only Mr. Magorium could make it so.

Henry looks at her, completely shocked.

HENRY
Uh.. I uh... Uh...

MAHONEY
I think we should go home...

HENRY
I think you should *turn around*.

Mahoney does. She doesn't see anything.

MAHONEY
What's wrong with you, Mutant.

HENRY
Tell me... tell me again that it's more than a block of wood.

MAHONEY
It's absolutely more than a block of wood.

It rolls over again, right before her eyes. She gasps.

HENRY
Yeah, well...it... it moves, for one thing.

MAHONEY
What's... what's making it move?

HENRY
You. I think.

Mahoney turns to Henry, her eyes alight.

MAHONEY
"There's thousands of useful things one might do with a block of wood... But what do you think might happen if just once, someone *believed* in it."

Mahoney leans over the counter and looks at the cube.

MAHONEY
(pause)
Move.

It rolls over. A smile jumps across her face.

MAHONEY
You can do better than that. I know you can.
(pause)
Move.

It takes four rolls consecutively, bringing it butted against the cash register.

She looks at Henry. Then back to the cube.

MAHONEY
(pause)
Don't worry... if you fall, I'll just pick you right back up.

She closes her eyes.

MAHONEY
Move.

The cube begins to roll, slowly, but as Mahoney opens her eyes it begins to pick up momentum. Soon it's racing towards the edge of the counter, it's momentum becoming unhindered by its sharp edges and flat sides.

Mahoney watches, her breath quickening, as the cube continues to roll towards the edge.

It's speed is pretty significant as it comes within two rolls of falling over the edge.

Neither Henry nor Mahoney move.

The cube disappears off the edge of the counter... only to ascend in the air a split second later. It's spinning so fast that it appears almost round... it soars into the air.

Mahoney's chest grows with nervous excitement.

The cube flies around the store, not unlike the paper airplane. It weaves its way in between shelves, down aisles, around mobiles. It races past the stuffed animals, down and around the tinker toys, up and past the windows and then comes scorching past the front counter, past Mahoney and Henry... Henry, who promptly passes out.

INT. MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM (PLAY AREA) -- MOMENTS LATER

Mahoney covers Henry, still out of it from his fainting spell, with a quilt on the floor of the play area. brings both into Henry's apartment.

HENRY
Thank you...

They look at one another.

MAHONEY
Thank you...

HENRY
You're welcome..

They stare into each others eyes.

HENRY
How did the cube fly?

MAHONEY
Magic.

HENRY
But it's... it's... it doesn't make sense. A body at rest... stays at rest.

MAHONEY
You know... someone told me that that's not exactly true.

She finds the head from a bunny costume and puts it under his head. She rests her hand on him a moment, then turns.

HENRY
Mahoney.

She stops.

HENRY
You're a block of wood.

He starts to fade out.

HENRY
And I mean that as a compliment.

He passes out again.

She smiles, a little shocked.

INT. ERIC'S KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

Eric and Mahoney sit in Eric's kitchen, each with a glass of milk and a plate of brownies between them. Eric, of course, wears a nightcap.

MAHONEY
I need help.

His eyes widen.

ERIC
I'll do anything Mahoney.

MAHONEY
I'm only smart with my head. I need someone who's smart with their body...

ERIC
Deal. What about the heart?

MAHONEY
That... we'll have to do together.

She holds out her hand. Eric shakes it.

MAHONEY
But the first thing is getting the Emporium to come back to life.

There is a THROAT CLEARING from off-screen. Eric and Mahoney turn.

Eric's Mother stands in the doorway, in her robe, looking at the two of them.

ERIC
Oh. Hi Mom.

ERIC'S MOTHER
Mahoney... what are you doing here at this hour?

MAHONEY
I... I needed to talk to Eric about the store.

ERIC'S MOTHER
Couldn't you speak to him tomorrow?

MAHONEY
No. I couldn't.

ERIC
Mom--

ERIC'S MOTHER
Well Eric, you need to go back to bed.

ERIC
I will.

ERIC'S MOTHER
Now.

ERIC
Mom--

MAHONEY
Mrs. Applebaum...

ERIC'S MOTHER
I mean it--

ERIC
No.

Both Mahoney and Eric's Mother look at him, a bit in shock.

ERIC
I'm sorry. But this is important. And I know sleep is important and doing as you ask is important but this is might be more important. And you probably want me to stay up tonight because if we don't fix the store, then I won't have anything to do for the rest of the summer... and remember what happened when I got bored at camp last year...? Frogs. Everywhere.

Mahoney's eyes widen as a revelation dawns on her.

MAHONEY
That's it...

ERIC
What is?

MAHONEY
The store. Remember the winter of '57, the store has the same emotions as a kid...

ERIC
Right.

MAHONEY
It wants what you want. What I want. What the block of wood wants.

She gets up.

MAHONEY
You can go to bed. Sorry for waking you Mrs. Applebaum.

ERIC
What's going on, Mahoney?

MAHONEY
I know how to bring it back to life. Henry Weston must be heard.

ERIC
I've heard him. Nothing happened.

MAHONEY
Not by you. By the store. We'll need some friends, and you'll have to help me fib, but it's... you know what, go to bed. Just... meet me at the store tomorrow.
(pause)
Mrs. Applebaum, I'm sorry I woke you. Believe me, if I didn't think Eric was the smartest nine year old on the planet, I would've never come.
(quietly in her ear)
You must be very proud.

INT. MAHONEY'S APARTMENT -- LATER

Mahoney pulls down a post-it from a ceiling light that reads, "Change Lightbulb!"

She puts it in her hand with all of the other post-it notes, and as we see more of the room, we see that the apartment is devoid of them completely.

FADE OUT:

INT. MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM (PLAY AREA) -- CONTINUOUS

Henry opens his sleepy eyes, his hair tousled, drool dripping onto the bunny head. He blinks as sunlight fills the store and illuminates Mahoney, Eric, Eric's mother, Dave Wolf and a series of other customers and kids, all looking at Henry with eager eyes.

MAHONEY
Morning, Mutant.

HENRY
Uh... Hi. Good morning.

He jumps to his feet and tries to straighten himself. Most of the others turn away and continue playing with the toys as they were before.

MAHONEY
How's your head?

HENRY
It hurts. But... but it's okay, thanks to you.

MAHONEY
Me?

HENRY
Of course.

MAHONEY
What do you mean?

HENRY
Well, I mean, you put ice on it. Put me to bed.

MAHONEY
No I didn't.

HENRY
(baffled)
Yes you did. Last night.

MAHONEY
Last night I went home.

HENRY
No, before that. After I...
(quietly)
After I passed out.

MAHONEY
No... you must be confused.

She begins to walk to the other end of the store. He follows.

HENRY
No. No. I passed out. I remember. After the cube flew.

MAHONEY
What cube?

HENRY
The... the Congreve Cube. It flew around the room.

MAHONEY
Mr. Weston. I think you must've dreamt all of that.

Henry rubs his aching head.

MAHONEY
I left you here to finalize the real estate paperwork. You must've gotten sleepy.

HENRY
No. I didn't. Positively not.I passed out after I saw that cube fly.

MAHONEY
Cubes can't fly.

HENRY
Of course they can.

And behind him, we see the vague blur of an entire group of toys return to their original splendor.

HENRY
It flew... all around the store... you believed... I *saw it.*

MAHONEY
Well, it doesn't matter now. I sold the store.

HENRY
What!?

MAHONEY
I sold it last night. Finalized the deal this morning.

HENRY
You... You can't.

She moves. He follows.

MAHONEY
Why can't I?

HENRY
Because it's... it's magic!

Another blur of toys behind him return to magnificence.

Mahoney's hand begins to move.

MAHONEY
Do you really think that this store is magic?

HENRY
(chest heaving)
Of course.

MAHONEY
Isn't that a little difficult to believe?

HENRY
No. Not now.
(pause)
I believe it completely.

And suddenly a whole streak of toys come bursting back to life.

Henry turns, as Mahoney points over his shoulder, where a piano begins to PLAY MUSIC.

Her hand is pointing at a play piano, without anyone playing which at present is moving independently and PLAYING the OPENING of the Polyphonic Spree's "Two Thousand Places" (track 6 on your cd).

Henry looks closely at the piano, but can't figure out how it's playing. Mahoney still conducts with his free hand and in doing so gives the downbeat to a section of MARIONETTE BRASS PLAYERS, all dressed in early jazz clothing. Henry turns and sees them, amazed.

He turns back.

Mahoney plays a bit with the beat giving it a marching tone for a measure, and then flicks her hand forward with a little umph.

Simultaneously the stuffed animals, sitting directly behind the marionettes, bursts into both color, originality and a chorus of voices.

Henry, stunned, continues look around. The crowd has begun to disperse as they are drawn into the returning vibrancy of the store.

He turns to Mahoney and the music comes down, her hand still moving.

HENRY
I thought... I thought you...

MAHONEY
You thought I what?

HENRY
I just... how are you doing this?

MAHONEY
Honestly, I don't know. I just know I can.

HENRY
But what... what's happening?

MAHONEY
Me. Conducting my life.

She turns Henry around, and as her hand cuts through the air, the parts of the store it points to burst back into their pristine selves and the music comes exploding back.

People are beginning to run around the store, looking at the wondrous effect she's having; and in turn, having an effect themselves.

Eric and Mahoney look at each other proudly.

Henry moves through the store; Stuffed birds of exotic colors, rest on their perches, SINGING in harmony. Toy soldiers march in unison to the song. Balls bounce to the rhythm. Trains release their steam with the high pitches of the music.

Mahoney walks to the play area, still conducting, the music dropping in volume and tenacity.

She finds herself a table and moves it to the center.

She puts one foot on the table. Then lifts herself so she's standing dead center in the store from a perched position, exactly like a conductor.

She looks at Henry.

He smiles at her.

And with a deep inhalation, Mahoney's chest grows and her head lifts, along with her hand. She gives a downbeat to the play piano and then to a drum set then gives her baton an emphatic swing.

The music, slightly different, explodes again and a ray of sunlight comes pouring in through the stained glass window at the front of the store, illuminating a whole new section of healed toys.

Henry looks on with a smile.

Mahoney is fully conducting... and more of the store is returning to itself.

And Mahoney lifts her arms as if preparing the store for its final movement.

When her arms come down... the entire quarter of the store he's facing blooms into its fullest potential.

She turns to another quarter of the store.... The same happens.

She turns to another quarter... the same...

She turns to another quarter... the same...

And with her arms swinging wildly, the store is returned to its original self... moving, alive, and magical.

Mahoney stops conducting, but the song continues.

Henry looks around at the store, back in it's complete and lively form....

Except for the sock monkey, who still sits lifeless amongst the other stuffed animals.

Henry crosses to it, and puts his finger under its chin, then lift its head.

As he does the sock monkey comes to life, and lifts its head.

Henry smiles.

The sock monkey reaches out towards him, and grabs his hand...

Then pulls him into a hug.

The music explodes into a final refrain and the monkey pulls him into a loving, child-like embrace, putting it's head on his shoulders.

All of the stuffed animals and creatures reach out... the ostrich with its neck, the elephant with its trunk... to embrace Henry.

And Henry Weston hugs back...

As the song fades away, Mahoney joins the plushies and wraps her arm around Henry. He puts his arms around her.

Then Eric comes in...

Then the young boy...

Then the aging woman...

In silence, everyone comes to Henry and embrace him until he is literally mobbed by the entire group.

In the center are Mahoney and Henry, face to face.

HENRY
But I thought you sold the store...

MAHONEY
I did. To Eric. For fifteen jellybeans.

Henry smiles...

Mahoney smiles...

...and very gently, they kiss...

FADE OUT:

INT. BASEMENT -- MORNING

Bellini works at his bench, the morning light pouring in.

A cuckoo clock, sitting on the workbench nearby, SOUNDS.

He then reaches over and is about to smack the roof of the clock, but the bird retreats on its own.

He crosses to several large crates full of pristine children's books and picks one crate up with a GRUNT, then another.

We can see behind him a set of rickety stairs leading up to a large door, light pouring from underneath it...

Bellini, now carrying two huge crates on either shoulder, climbs the stairs to the door, hits a gold button on the wall and waits as the door slides up, a brilliant light obscuring the room on the other side.

He steps through the light and into...

INT. MR. MAGORIUM'S WONDER EMPORIUM -- DAY

The store is again in the full swing of its day. Children play and parents shop. Eric and his mother (wearing matching hats) help customers at the front counter and surprisingly enough Henry helps people throughout the store.

OLDER FEMALE CUSTOMER
(to Henry)
Excuse me, Sir, what do you have in the way of dinosaurs.

HENRY
Well, we try not to put anything in the way of the dinosaurs because we can't afford to make them angry. But, if you'd like to look at some they're right over there.

She laughs.

OLDER FEMALE CUSTOMER
I thought... didn't this store used to be owned by an eccentric older man... What happened to him?

Henry smiles sweetly.

HENRY
(simply and modestly)
He died.
(pause)
Let me show you my favorite brontosaurus.

Bright Eyes' "The First Day Of My Life" (track 7 on your cd) begins to play.

INT. MAHONEY'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

MOLLY MAHONEY awakes in her baby blue bedroom.

She sits up, sans post-it note.

She stretches and smiles.

INT. MAHONEY'S HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Mahoney walks down the hallway of her modest apartment, now dressed, passing a series of pictures of conductors all hung on the wall.

INT. MAHONEY'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Mahoney takes a satchel from the back of a chair and slings it over her shoulder.

She looks and finds Mortimer standing with his front legs on the keys of the piano.

MAHONEY
Mortimer. Don't play the piano.
(sotto)
Stupid Zebra.

She turns to the front door and opens it. Oddly, instead of a typical hallway, we see the chandelier from before, hovering over a set of stairs.

INT. STAIRWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Mahoney descends the steps.

Mahoney reaches the bottom of the stairs and before her stands a door, with a post it on it.

It reads, in other writing than her own; "Welcome To Your Life."

She takes a moment, then looks up to heaven.

MAHONEY
Thank you.

She then opens the door...

On the other side is the Emporium, beautiful and alive, waiting for her.

INT. BASEMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Bellini comes downstairs to his work bench.

Bellini takes down a large, brand new leather book with pristine binding with "MAHONEY" written on its spine and places it on his bench. He opens it to its very first page, pulls a pen from a cup of gnarled instruments and scribbles something down. He then prepares his press.

We glide over his shoulder to see what he's written.

Chapter One.

FADE OUT.